

(1927, Oct., Hongkong.)

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Saturday, 15 October, Hongkong; cloudy and very cool. Up early, had a light breakfast, and at 9 a.m. went to Cook's to find out when the S.S. Tonkin would sail, but Cook's office was not open. At the hotel I asked the desk clerk to find out for me. At 10 o'clock he telephoned that the boat would not leave until Monday the 17th. Began reading "What is Wrong With China". Then I took a street car ride from one end of the city to the other. It was all pretty much alike, wharves jammed with shipping and sampans, a narrow zone of business establishments and warehouses, a narrow zone of Chinese houses and shops, and a slope above with British residences set in ample grounds with lawns, shrubbery and trees.

Returning about noon I found Cook's open and was informed that the boat would sail Monday at 2 p.m. I spent the afternoon alternately reading and exploring the Chinese quarter. After supper at 8 p.m. I took another walk and saw hundreds of coolies sleeping on the sidewalks. Most of them were lying on small pieces of matting. A few had newspapers under the matting. I wondered if these poor wretches slept out all winter and what they did when it rained heavily. I found "What is Wrong With China" very interesting. The argument is that the Chinese people are children ^{and} wholly incapable of selfgovernment, that their language is infantile and made up of images, that they are incapable of consecutive thought, and that their standard of living and of ethics and morality are totally different from those of western peoples.

Sunday, 16 October, Hongkong; clear and cool. After breakfast I rode on the cogged tramway to the station near the top of the Peak 1500 feet above the harbor. From there I walked up to the meteorological station some 300 feet higher. From this point one has a marvellous view of the sea dotted with islands and mountains in all directions, channels and shipping as far as the eye could reach. The slopes of the

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nels and shipping as far as the eye could reach. The slopes of the mountains and hills were covered with trees. Near the top of one of the mountains were barracks and other buildings with soldiers on guard or walking about, as well as the residence of the Governor General. The road to the top was excellent. The surface of the harbor was dotted with boats. The great ocean liners from that height looked small and neat and left a trail of white foam behind them as they steamed into or out of the harbor.

At the top of the Peak I met an elderly gentleman, tall, ruddy, with blue eyes and snow white hair and mustache. He was carried up in a palanquin on the shoulder^s of four coolies. We greeted each other and then sat down on the grass to view the scenery and talk. He said his name was Edward S. Little, that he had been in China forty years, that he had traveled in every province and could speak the language. For many years he had been Trade Commissioner for New Zealand and expected to leave in a few days for his native country. He said that he was well acquainted with Rodney Gilbert and that the statements in "What is Wrong With China" were absolutely true. He seemed to have known many prominent men and officials in China. He knew both Mr. Yen and Mr. Lyang whom I met at Tientsin, as well as Mr. Arnold and Mr. Donald whom I met in Peking. He scored the people of the country as "rotten," their sole object in life being to "graft" as much as possible. He said the Chinese never finish anything and that the war then in progress might be expected to go on indefinitely. He said it was heartbreaking for any Anglo-Saxon to be connected with any Chinese institution and to see the utter inefficiency and shameless robbery that goes on all the time. With respect to missionaries he said they had done good work in bringing new standards of living to the attention of the Chinese, but had done wrong in spreading American and British ideas of liberty, culture, and patriotism, because the

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and British ideas of liberty, culture, and patriotism, because the Chinese people are incapable of understanding what these words mean. They do understand, however, that these words have great weight with the foreigner and therefore drill themselves in using them on every occasion. He said the so-called Christian General Fang was a bully and a fraud and had several concubines. The general divorced the wife and got tired of the concubines and sent them away; then he announced that because he had adopted Christianity he had broken off with these sinful relations. Shortly afterwards it was announced that he would marry the sister or sister-in-law of Dr. Sun Yat Sen, whom Mr. Little described as a thorough rascal. He said that every Chinese he had known who gained power and wealth immediately began to squander his time and energies on women, pomp, and ~~ink~~ drink.

As we stood up preparatory to leaving Mr. Little said that exactly forty years ~~to a day~~ previously he had climbed to the top of the Peak for the first time as a young man and stood on the spot where we were standing. At that time Hongkong was a small town along the water front, and that in all the ^ayears that had intervened he had made it a practice to visit this spot once a year. Now that he was leaving as an old man for New Zealand he never expected to see it again.

We walked down the hill to the tramway station. There I saw the little blonde lady and her two small children who were on the boat from Wei-hei-wei. The eldest child came running to me and the mother smiled at me, although we had never spoken to each other. She returned my greeting cordially and said her name was Mrs. Blackwood. Then she asked if my companion--who was standing at a little distance with his back toward us--was not Mr. Little; if so, she wished to speak to him. I brought them together. At first Mr. Little did not recognize her because he had not seen her since she was a child when he used to visit her parents. He knew her only as Daisy Brodie and used to ride her on ~~h~~

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his knee. He had not realized that she had grown up and married. It turned out that he knew her husband *also*

I greatly enjoyed the view from the Peak and my talk with Mr. Little.

Returning to the hotel I had an excellent lunch, a long nap, and then began pasting photographs. After supper I took a walk down the principal street. It was crowded with Chinese. No Europeans were to be seen except a few sailors. Some of the Chinese shops were open. It was much warmer than for several days. Mr. Little said the climate was very agreeable from October to March during the dry season, but from April to September it rains, sometimes 24 inches in as many hours. The rainfall this year to date ^{was} given as 106 inches.

Monday, 17 October, Hongkong; clear and warmer. I was awakened early by noisy servants in the corridor. Packed up and sent a cablegram to Rome and mailed some books to Washington. After arranging with the hotel for ^{its launch} ~~launch~~ at noon, I took a stroll through the upper part of town. I returned to the hotel at 11 o'clock just as porters came for my baggage. Everybody in sight had their hands out for a tip. Then to the wharf and the hotel launch took me and my baggage out to the S.S. Tonkin, a small French steamer, where I was given a small cabin on the upper deck. At the wharf I bought a paper covered edition of "Married Life" by Dr. Mary Stokes, which seemed to be a sensible discussion of married sex life. I read it through while waiting for the ship to start. There was great activity in loading flour and bales of goods in the hold and some enormous beams on deck until 3.45 p.m., when all activity suddenly ceased, the coolies departed, and the boat promptly got under way. I was greatly pleased that no other passenger was assigned to share my cabin, because the boat was small and a number of other passengers came aboard, American, British, German,

French, and Japanese. Also I was pleased to see that there was a sufficient number of steamer chairs to accommodate all passengers. Soon after leaving the passengers all occupied deck chairs, most of them with books. It was very pleasant on deck as the ^{ship} ~~boat~~ passed through ^a rippling blue sea between innumerable islands. The sunset was a gorgeous spectacle. Just before sunset I counted thirty beautiful islands scattered about the sea, most of them shadowy, or pearl, or mauve in color. None of them appeared to be inhabited. All were rocky and seemed to be covered with grass or shrubs so that they were emerald green in the sunshine.

I was placed at a table with a young English flight lieutenant of the Royal Air Force who explained that he was an observer of the Chinese Air Service and was on a tour of observation. He said that ~~in~~ Indo-China ^{was} ~~the~~ best part of ~~China~~ Asia ^{and} ~~but~~ was in great need of capital for development, but the French are so clannish, narrow minded and shortsighted and so greedy and monopolistic by nature that they would not permit foreign capital or enterprise to enter. The food was disappointing, but the cognac that was served with it was good.

^a ~~Tuesday~~, 18 October, Hongkong-Haiphong; a gloriously beautiful day with bright sunshine, a blue sky and sea, and racing whitecaps, warm and springlike. I ^{saw} ~~saw~~ a beautiful sunrise. No land in sight. I had a nip of cognac and a smoke while watching it before dressing. Nobody up at 8 a.m. On the front deck below were twenty poor little sheep huddled together in a corner with a bundle of dry hay to munch. After breakfast I sat on deck. Again I was conscious of the glorious morning of bright sunshine, soft breeze, and the music of waves slapping and lapping against the sides of the vessel. About a mile ahead ~~and~~ and to one ^{side} ~~side~~ of our course I spied a mast, but could see nothing of the hull. As we approached nearer our boat

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swerved so as to pass near the mast whose hull was not visible. It proved to be a deserted and waterlogged sampan. One wondered whether it simply broke loose from its moorings and floated out to sea or whether it was mute evidence of a tragedy.

The weather and sea were ideal, such a day as one sometimes encounters at sea--agreeable temperature, brilliant sunshine, a clear sky, a blue sea rippling with waves that here and there broke into glistening white foam, and the constant ^{and} refreshing sound of splashing water. During the afternoon we passed through the straight that separates the island of Anam from the mainland of China, our course being nearly due west. The land on either side was low. One could see green stretches of woods and large areas of yellow sand as if there were many dunes. There was another beautiful sunset and far off on the horizon were the sails of a fleet of Chinese fishing junks.

I had a comfortable nap in the afternoon and finished reading "Le Crime de Silvestre Bonnard," and "Joan," both of which are charming stories. Then I read some French magazines I found in the dining room. Tea and crackers were served at 4 p.m. More reading and paced the deck to enjoy the wondrous beauty of sea and sky. Next had a cocktail with the flight lieutenant and his colonel, followed by supper together. At the same table was an elderly Englishman and his daughter from the Province of Hunan. He said the province was at an elevation of about 6,000 feet and fine fruits are grown, especially apples, pears, and peaches. He said the greatest evil was the ~~presence of bandits~~ prevalence of banditry.

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Wednesday, ~~12~~ 19 Oct. Haiphong. Another ~~day~~ of glorious day of sunshine and a rippling blue sea. From 8 o'clock we were close to a wonderful coast and equally wonderful islands, and rocky peaks. Thousands of islands and rocky peaks rose directly out of the sea, some of them to a height of several hundred feet, with perpendicular sides and cliffs, ^{all} ~~at~~ of solid rock that is twisted and contorted in various ways and ~~may~~ many fantastic shapes. These peaks stretch away in every direction inland as far as one can see. The rock is dark gray in color and only a few bushes grow on them. The water was said to be sever^a hundred feet at the very base of the cliffs.

Towards noon we came up a quiet estuary with mountains and cliffs in the distance, and then into a rather narrow channel with broad marshes on both sides, from which we entered a broad red river and soon came to a dock. There was much confusion on board as each passenger was required to fill out a blank form of customs declaration with many questions, such as full name, residence, place and date of ~~birth~~ birth of ~~a~~ passenger, his father, mother, wife, and children. We had to walk a city block or more to the customs house. Here the baggage was pass~~d~~ without the formality of inspection, because it was quitting time for the officials. A ride of three-quarters of a mile in rickshas over a well paved road brought us to the railway station, which was closed. There we left our baggage in charge of a man dressed in a white uniform who gave us a receipt for so many pieces.

I ^a~~ha~~ got acquainted with the elderly Englishman and his daughter, named Dymond, who were also going through to Hanoi. Together we went to the Hotel d'Europe for luncheon. We were advised that there were two trains that left in the afternoon for Hanoi and would have preferred the earlier one for the sake of the daylight ride, but we could not buy tickets with Chinese or English money and the banks would not be open until after the first train left. Also the police had

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~~not be open until after the first train left.~~ Also the police had taken up our passports and we could not get them back until after 3 p.m. So there was nothing to do but spend the rest of the day in Haiphong and leave on the evening train.

Haiphong is perfectly flat and has a broad well paved street through the middle of it, with some rather nice houses and yards with trees and flowers. On the edge of town was a large cement factory. Aside from the main street, the cement works, and a native quarter, there did not seem to be anything of interest to see. The coolies on the streets were little, insignificant, shabby looking fellows, and women were doing the same kind of work as men.

After luncheon I took a room and had a long nap. Then I found a bank and changed some money and from police headquarters I retrieved my passport. Then I took a long walk, followed by about by a persistent little ricksha man. I saw many small native women suckling little babies. Everything was covered with dust. The Ricksha man tried to persuade me to let him take me out to the botanical garden for one dollar. I had much difficulty in understanding his kind of mangled French. He kept repeating "Japan Botan" over and over again until it finally dawned upon me that he was trying to say "Jardin Botanique." When I declined he began to whine another song proposing to take me to "belles dames." I asked him to take me to a "bibliothèque" or "un libraire," to which he agreed. He took me a mile out of town and, seeing nothing but an expanse of marsh, I made him return. I found a small bookstore near the hotel where I purchased a copy of "Promenades de Anatole France" by Sandor Kemerli. At the hotel I had a small bottle of beer and took a short walk. I was astonished at the small size of the people, their apparent lack of intelligence, and the number of babies to be seen.

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Had supper with Mr. Dymond and his daughter. I learned that he was a missionary and that it took three days to make the trip by train from Hanoi to Hunan, stopping at hotels for the night.

At 7.30 p.m. we got settled in our compartment on the train. Then followed a three and a half hour ride in the dark. We slept most of the way and separated at the station. With three rickshas (or ²pou² pou²es, as the^y are called in Indo-China) I and my baggage was transported through broad avenues a considerable distance to the Metropole Hotel where I was given a comfortable room and bath. Retired at midnight feeling rather tired.

Thursday, 20 October, Hanoi; clear and quite cool. After breakfast I telephoned to the Service d'Agriculture Economique and learned that the director was out of the city, but that the subdirector would see me at 4 p.m. Then I took a walk around the square. The city has many broad well paved avenues and several parks. In the center of the city is a large artificial lake with an ornamental pavilion and bridge near one end. After a rather long walk I found a small shop that sold cigars and cognac. Later I hired a "pousse pousse" (ricksha) and directed the boy to take me to the Museo and the Jardin Botanique. He took me to the Museo, but showed no signs of stopping; in fact, he trotted by it, and I ^a had difficulty in getting him to stop and turn back, and still more difficulty in making him understand that I wanted to enter the building. It was the Musee Maurice Long and occupied a large building in spacious grounds. Many of the pavilions were closed at the time of my visit. Inside were some fine exhibits of carved wood and laquer work, ornaments, furniture, utensils, vases, porcelains, fibers, woods, and the like. While in the museum I had an urgent and imperative call of nature. I learned upon inquiry that the museum was without toilet facilities. I ^a had the ricksha boy run

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me down to the railway station, half ^a mile distant. There, after some exploration--~~because~~ ^{and no signs} there was no one about, I found a place that was so indescribably offensive I could not bring myself to enter. In much distress I directed the ricksha boy to proceed to the botanical garden, which I judged was nearer than the hotel. He took me across town through a broad avenue lined with large trees and public and private buildings and houses to the garden. On the way I saw a small replica of the Statue of Liberty. The Botanical Garden was quite extensive and full of beautiful large trees and palms, ponds, canals, and had a small zoological collection that contained several small black bears, a leopard, and a fine specimen of Bengal tiger.

I returned to the hotel at noon, had a very unsatisfactory luncheon, and then a nap. The desk clerk had said that the Service d'Agriculture Economique was only a few squares from the hotel. At 3.50 p.m. I had the clerk call a ricksha boy and give him explicit instructions where to take me. He took me to the building all right, but instead of stopping at the front entrance he took me through a narrow alley to the rear and there insisted that this was the place I was seeking. Thinking that possibly it might be the custom of the country to enter public buildings from the rear, I opened a gate ~~in the rear~~, passed through a rather dirty back yard, opened a small door in the rear that admitted me to a narrow corridor through which I reached the front of the building. There was no one on the first floor, so I ascended to the second floor. Seeing no one in the corridors, I opened a door at random and found a lone clerk who conducted me to the Chef du Service d'Agriculture, M. Paul Broemer, a large man who spoke of being tremendously busy and so much occupied ^{at} ~~that~~ he could not travel. However, he promptly assured me that the government of Indo-China would cooperate with the Institute in the proposed agricultural census of 1930. He outlined briefly and clearly the organization of the agricultural service and discuss-

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ed his work in detail^{al}. I asked if it would help the department with respect to the census or its other important projects if I had an interview with the Governor General. He replied that such an interview would be a waste of time because the Governor General was a mere politician and not at all interested in agriculture. However, he expressed the opinion that it might be well to see the Governor General's secretary who was a prominent official and had taken a personal interest in the development of the statistical service. It was then after five o'clock and too late to make another official visit.

I took a stroll through some of the business streets lined with small shops to a point overlooking a broad river bottom covered with rice fields. The city was protected from inundation in time of flood by a high earthen dike. M. Broemer said that^a early crops were often damaged by excessive rains and flooding, while the late crops suffered from want of rain. I bought some postcards and sat in front of a little sidewalk restaurant where I had a cognac and watched with interest the people pass. The natives were diminutive and mild mannered. Among these little people Frenchmen look very large by contrast. Most of the Frenchmen seen on the streets carried a paunch, their faces were somewhat emaciated, and their mustaches fierce. Except for the paved streets and public buildings the city impressed me as a very indolent and sleepy ~~XXXX~~ overgrown country town.

At the hotel I had a satisfactory supper, with some nice little sponge cakes and ice cream. I became acquainted with a man and his wife with a four months old baby from Australia. They ~~was~~ came down on the same boat with me from Hongkong. After supper I went out on the street for a walk and was immediately accosted by a ricksha boy who wanted to take me to a "meetree"~~which~~ which I did not understand. He was at once joined by two others who wanted to do the same thing. Others joined in the chorus until there were at least a dozen of these little pests. I shook

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chorus until there were at least a dozen of these little pests. I shook my head and walked down the street to a little sidewalk restaurant and there took a table. Even then I did not escape their attentions because they parked their vehicles along the curb and called out from time to time "meetree." However, the waiter dispersed them with a single word. As soon as I left the restaurant I was again surrounded by the importunate ricksha boys. I looked about for a gendarme, but, like our policemen, none were visible. As the only means of escape I returned to the hotel and sat awhile in the lobby. I was still restless and had no inclination to retire at that early hour and again ventured out. It ~~was~~ was rather dark and the streets were deserted. I walked along the bank of the artificial lake for a short distance enjoying the sound of rippling water and of foliage stirred by the breeze. As I crossed the avenue on returning toward the hotel a ricksha with a young female passenger passed me slowly, very slowly, and I looked up because it was an unusual sight to see a female on the streets after dark. The ricksha boy stopped instantly and asked if I would like to accompany the woman. I gave a second look, but all I could see in the dim light was a ^{pair of} small figure, large eyes, and a small figure. Just to see what would happen I answered "Wee, wee." The boy then motioned to me to sit beside the girl and I climbed in. The seat was narrow, barely wide enough for two. Nothing was said. Silently the ricksha with its two passengers skirted the lake to the sound of rippling waves and sighing trees. Beyond the lake we entered a dimly lighted street in the native quarter. The boy stopped in front of an old two-story mud brick house and we got out. Taking me by the hand the girl led me through the door and up a single flight of stairs to a plainly furnished room on the second floor. I was seated in the only chair available. We were followed by a middle aged man, the proprietor probably, and the rickshaw boy. They demanded the equivalent of

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two dollars. Assuming that all ^aOrientals ask twice as much as they expect to get, I shook my head vigorously and said "Non, non." They looked at each other and then at me doubtfully and one of them began to talk volubly in pigin French which I had difficulty in following. When the talker began to slow up I tendered the equivalent of one dollar, which was eagerly accepted. They turned to go, but I halted them and, pointing to the girl, insisted that she should receive her share on the spot. There was another consultation which ended in handing over to the girl a part of the money. The men then left us, but stopped before the front door on the street where an altercation seemed to take place between them as to the division of their share of the spoils. However, they soon settled their difference and subsided. The girl seemed greatly pleased to receive a share also. The room was fairly well lighted with one electric bulb. Then for the first time I had an opportunity to see the girl. She was really a girl, apparently not more than ten or twelve years old, but probably older, and had her hair done up as if she were eighteen or twenty. She ~~was~~ was a little thing and could not have weighed more than eighty pounds. I gues^sed her weight when she climbed up in my lap, smile^d, and placed one of her little arms about my neck. I petted her and discovered that she was as straight and slim as a little child and that neither breasts nor hips had begun to swell, which confirmed my surmise that she was not more than ten or twelve years old. When she found that I treated her tenderly she gained confidence and became quite kittenish and curious. She examined my ^{watch} ~~watch~~, my ring, my fountain pen and pencil, my pocket knife, and my bunch of keys with great interest. I tried to engage her in conversation and learn something about her life and of other girls of her age, but although she seemed to understand my French I could not understand hers. After playing with her ~~awhile~~ awhile I gave her a coin and wished her "Bon nuit." She took me by the hand and led me ~~to the front door. The ricksha boy was waiting for me outside and~~

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to the front door. The ricksha boy was waiting for me outside and I engaged ~~me~~ him to take me to the hotel. En route we were accosted by a number of women with rather pretty faces but disreputable looking gowns. So ended my adventure at night on the streets of Hanoi.

Thurs^aday, 21 October, Hanoi; partly cloudy and much warmer.

After breakfast I ~~went~~^{went} to the Shanghai-Hongkong Bank to cash a travellers check. After much consultation and telephoning the cashier refused to ^{can} it, but referred me to the Bank of Indo-China. At this last bank my check was cashed without question. In conversation with the cashier he said Indo-China is a country of great and varied natural resources and was developing rapidly, but lacked transportation facilities, especially railroads. At the hotel I telephoned to the office of the Secretary of the Governor General and was advised that the Secretary was ~~in~~ in consultation over his budget, but that an appointment would be arranged later in the day.

After luncheon I took a nap and then a walk as far as the bridge across the river where I took some snap shots. Saw many poor people who were excessively dirty with swarms of naked children. The people are all undersized--a land of dwarfs. They are the least attractive people I had seen, except the negroes of Haiti. However, small as they are, no bigger than American boys and girls of 12 to 14, they manage to carry heavy burdens and pull heavy trucks. Their mouths are black caverns from the constant chewing of beetle nut. Men and women look much alike in physique, dress, and manners. The well dressed young men, the dandies, wear white trousers, slippers, and black alpaca coats, and some of them wear white cork helmets. Very few horses were to be seen, and ~~ms~~ most of them were little ponies that would not weigh more than 600 pounds. Most of the streets are wide and there are several broad avenues lined with magnificent trees.

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Saturday, 22 October, Hanoi; bright, clear, and hot. Received a telegram saying the boat would not leave Haiphong until Monday. Sat ~~about~~ by the lake awhile under a large tree and enjoyed the shade and a light breeze. A troop of little women wearing dark brown dresses and wide umbrella hats came by. At the hotel the heat was too enervating to permit of writing. Had luncheon, paid my bill, and got down to the little railway station at 1 p.m., after an anxious ride. I had engaged three rickshas to convey me and my baggage. Those with the baggage persisted in lagging behind. My boy refused to slow up, so that I lost sight of the baggage for a considerable distance. At the station a swarm of coolies pounced upon the baggage and fought for the privilege of putting it in the compartment. Evidently there ^awas great competition for the privilege of earning a few cents. While waiting for the train to start I saw a man running down the platform like a boy followed by several others in full cry. A little later I asked a boy what it was all about and he said the officers had caught a woman who had stolen something.

The train started at 1.30 p.m. Just outside of Hanoi we crossed a long bridge, apparently more than a mile in length, crossing two branches of the river and an island in the middle. The water was muddy red and the current swift so that it was full of swirling whirlpools with patches of yellow foam on top. On the opposite side was a high earthen dike and beyond it were two or three miles of marsh land in rice fields, bananas and other trees. I saw a half-naked native following a water buffalo near the rice fields. The buffalo was fat and nearly as broad as he was long, with short legs, big head, and an enormous pair of horns. They were wading in shallow water when I first saw them. The buffalo came to a deep channel into which he waded without hesitation like a huge Hyppopotamus. He was soon completely ~~emerge~~ submerged except for his horns, his protruberant eyes, and upturned nostrils. He swam rapidly--
~~as fast as a man or horse can walk--leaving a wake behind his head like~~

(1927, Oct., Hanoi-Haiphong.)

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as fast as a man or horse can walk--leaving a wake behind his head like a boat. As we proceeded across the fairly flat country there were rice fields as far as one could see, cut up into little patches of a quarter or half acre, separated by earthen dikes two or three feet high so that each patch was like a flat mud bowl into which water could be admitted or drained out. The rice was in all stages, some patches being planted and others being harvested, with all stages of growth between, and at the same time the harvested rice was being threshed. More women than men ~~seem~~ seemed to be at work on the roads and in the fields, some carrying burdens almost beyond their strength. Their clothing was generally brown. Most of the women wore trousers, were barefooted, and over all a brown gown open in front above the waist line so that their plump or pendent breasts could be seen agitated or swinging from side to side at every step. We passed through mile after mile of swamp land and rice fields, with great patches of water hyacinths and lilies, white cranes, and big black buffalo and many kinds of water fowl. In many places men were stirring the mud under shallow water with a kind of harrow pulled by water buffalo in preparation for planting. In other places men were threshing rice with their hands, that is, stripping the grain off with their fingers. The railway stations were fairly close together and at each was a small village or cluster of huts with walls of bamboo and ~~thatch~~ roofs of thatch. It was a hot afternoon and the country was flat and monotonous. The train reached Haiphong at 5 p.m. It took one ricksha and five boys to convey me and my baggage to the Hotel de Commerce.

At the hotel I was given a large room and bath. I ⁴realised that I was tired and not feeling well. I seemed to have caught cold and a tooth was grumbling. After supper I took a short walk, but returned quickly to rid myself of the annoyance of a swarm of pousse-pousse boys

(1927, Oct., Haiphong.)

E--3016

that persisted in following and calling "Meetree, meetree."

Sunday, 23 October, Haiphong; clear and excessively hot.

Slept well, but woke up with a bad cold in the head and feeling badly. I walked to the office of the navigation company and was advised not to go aboard ship until the following morning. Walked through a portion of the town, but because it was Sunday and excessively hot the streets were deserted and there was little to see. Did some typewriting and took a nap in the afternoon. I went down to the dining room in the evening and was surprised to find it full and all seats taken. At the Hotel d'Europe I had better luck. Outside the street was full of people coming from a public park with the municipal band. The "pousse-pousse" boys were a nuisance. They congregated along the sidewalk and at the street corners. So numerous were they in places that pedestrians had to step out into the street to pass them. My cold was no better and my head was humming with the quinine I had taken.

~~(Dragon, 23 Oct., Haiphong, yellow folder. omit)~~

(Wife, same.)

that persisted in following and calling "Mestre, mestre."

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to go aboard ship until the following morning. Walked through a por-

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(Dragon, 23 Oct., Haiphong, yellow folder.)

(Wife, same.)

"Haiphong, Indo-China, 23 Oct. 1927.

"Dear Mommie and Nifas:

"It is very hot and I do not feel much like writing after finishing my report to the Institute, but I will try to bring the account of my travels up to date. My last letter was to Mother and written at Hongkong on October 14.

"My boat, the S.S. Tonkin, did not sail until the 17th. We had two days at sea with lovely weather and beautiful sunsets. The second day we were passing through the straits between the Island of Anam and China proper. Wednesday morning we were passing along a wonderful coast. As far as one could see to the west were island pinnacles rising out of the blue sea to a height of several hundred feet. They were like great cathedral towers, round with rounded peaks, and rising perpendicularly out of the deep water, said to be several hundred feet deep at the very base of the rocky walls.

"We reached Haiphong just before 11 a.m., at which time all public offices close, including the customs, which accounts for the fact that the customs officials in their anxiety to quit promptly did not take the trouble to inspect our baggage. However, the police officials took up our passports and we could not get them until after 2 p.m., so that we missed the 1.30 p.m. train for Hanoi.

"Haiphong is a thriving port at the mouth of Red River, a stream over a mile wide that flows through a great delta of rice fields. To get luncheon and spend the afternoon I went with an English missionary and his daughter to a hotel. During the afternoon I bought some French Indo-China money and ^acigars, took a nap, and then a long walk. In the evening we went by train to Hanoi and reached the Hotel Metropole at midnight.

Hanoi is the capital of French Indo-China, which is made up of five countries, including two or three kingdoms with papermache kings. It is a country as large ^{as} or larger than Texas, with great mountains and forests, and a dense population in the parts that can be cultivated. Hanoi is a large city of beautiful streets, as broad, clean, and well shaded by trees as Washington, with many modern public buildings and residences and a fine public park. In the center is a beautiful lake surrounded by magnificent shade trees and a few small Chinese temples. I visited the Museum and saw a remarkable collection of carved woods and ivories, tapestries, textiles, jade, jewels, indigenous costumes, weapons and utensils, fibers, woods, minerals, etc. The officials promised cooperation in the census project.

"Yesterday, Saturday, I made the ~~day~~ daylight trip of about 100 miles back to Haiphong. We crossed the Red River several times on great steel bridges, and over a great flat plain every foot of which was devoted to rice except for the canals, roads, villages and small groves of bamboo and other trees. Two crops of rice are grown each year--always under a few inches of water. I saw rice in all stages, some newly planted, some just coming up, and then all stages up to harvesting and threshing. The only domestic animals I saw were some water buffalo that resemble a rhinocerus. They are used to pull plows and harrows through the soft muck of the rice fields at planting time. All other work and carrying of farm produce and merchandise is done by the little men and women. The natives are really a race of pigmies, not much over four ^{or five} feet high, and with small slender limbs and bodies. They are about the size of boys and girls at home at 12 to 14 years old. They loads they carry are incredible. They are unquestionably the poorest race and the least intelligent I have yet seen, except the negroes of Haiti.

To illustrate: I took a ricksha pulled by one of these little dwarfs to take me to the Museum. He took me there all right, but also took me around the building, refusing to stop at the entrance, and then darted off at a tangent in the direction of the railway station. I had to use my cane, just as I would with a donkey, to get him to return to the Museum and stop at the entrance. He seemed wholly unable to grasp the idea that I wished to enter the building. Again, when I went to call on the chief of the agricultural service, instead of drawing up in front of the building on the main street, ^{the ricksha boy} he went entirely around the block, up a little alley, and deposited me in the back yard that was full of debris. Apparently his only knowledge of how to enter a building is by the back way. These people work for about ten cents a day and live on a handful of rice. They multiply like mice and live like pigs.

"The working people, more women than men, wear loose black or brown trousers, a long thin coat that comes to the knees, and a flat basket straw or bamboo hat about thirty inches in diameter. The men usually do not wear shirts, but the women wear a sort of bib over their breasts suspended by a string around the neck. The natives employed in shops wear loose white trousers, a long black alpaca coat and white cork helmets a la Englishman in the tropics.

"Well, dear, you see I am having trouble with the typewriter again,

"I expect to sail tomorrow for Hongkong, where I shall take the first boat available for Manila, and then to Australia. I am looking forward ~~to~~ impatiently to reaching Manila and getting some letters. Just think, the last letters from home were received at Tokio, two months ago. It seems a long time. I have written every week or ten days so you should keep well informed of my whereabouts. But I know

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nothing of what has happened at home for two months.

"Hope you are all well. Hope Thelma's birthday was satisfactory. Love to all, from

"Daddy Leen"

(1927, Oct., Haiphong.)

E--3017

Monday, October 24, Haiphong; clear and bright, hot on land, cool on water. My cold decidedly better. Had an abominable breakfast. Went down at 6.45. Two other passengers were getting ready for the same boat. Went to the wharf in rickshas. The boat, the S.S. Soughbo, was a small one with only four first class cabins on the main deck, and a number of four-berth second class cabins below. I got acquainted with Mr. Alfred Todd, Chief Engineer of the Chinese Famine Relief Commission, with headquarters at Peking, who said he had ~~been~~^{been} in China seven years. He said that he grew up as a farm boy in Michigan and that his father made a specialty of growing peppermint, which was hard on the land and cannot be grown in the same field for more than three years. At the hotel the clerk told Mr. Todd that he was to have cabin No. 4, which was the number written on my ticket. He looked at me and I looked at him. He broke the embarrassing impasse by saying that the matter could be settled on board. That ~~was~~^{was} the beginning of our acquaintance. At the steam^y my baggage was put in No. 4 and Mr. Todd had some of his things put in the same cabin also. Then it developed that he had been assigned to cabin No. 8, which was a second class cabin below the main deck. With characteristic American vigor and freedom he protested against a second class cabin for a first class ticket, but without avail. The French captain told him rudely and peremptorily that if he did not like it he could take his things off and look for another boat.

In conversation Mr. Todd said that all American, English, or German machinery or apparatus that comes into French Indo-China is almost invariably damaged; boxes are opened and apparatus disconnected or parts removed, and the boxes closed up again; and this occurs in the official custom house and government bonded warehouses. He said that an expensive leveling instrument had been consigned to him at Haiphong and ~~when he opened the packing case one of the lenses was gone without~~

(1927, Oct., Haiphong.)

E--3018

when he opened the packing case one of the lenses was gone without which the instrument could not be used. A German fellow passenger chimed in to say that a large consignment of dye & stuffs had been ruined by having water pumped on it in the government warehouse. He added that the French officials carried on a systematic campaign against all goods of other nationalities, especially American, British, and German. An agent of the Standard Oil Company sitting near said that the customs officials at Haiphong had held that the little screw caps on the five-gallon oil containers were "cooking utensils" and as such were subject to a tariff of fifty cents each. The agent paid the duty under protest and the case was carried through all the courts to the court of highest appeal at Paris which decided that small screw caps are not "cooking utensils" and that the duty had been illegally collected. The colonial government of Indo-China had to refund several hundred thousand dollars thus illegally collected, which made the government officials squirm and American agents and dealers anathema.

The ship left at 8 a.m. I found a seat on the top deck under an awning and enjoyed a cool breeze. The boat made good time down stream^{am} through the turbid red water of the river, and then into the open sea where for two or three hours we sailed within sight of the interesting and picturesque pinacles of the ^{Gulf of Tonkin} ~~Bay de Lyon~~ (Alung?). Spent most of the day conversing with Mr. Todd. He had many interesting experiences in China to relate and had with him a fine collection of photographs that had been enlarged and colored by his wife. He said that the price of rice in China was about one cent a pound and that a Chinaman could live well on five cents a day; that the last great famine was in 1919-20; that the principal cause of famine in China

(1927, Oct., Haiphong-Hongkong).

E--3019

was lack of transportation and distribution, because China as a whole has always produced an ample supply of food, but when a whole region is afflicted with drouth or flood it is impracticable to bring food from other regions that have a surplus; another cause of suffering is the characteristic utter indifference of all Chinese to others not connected with their own families. He said that the Chinese have absolutely no conscience in matters of business, of government, or of war. He indorsed fully all that Rodney Gilbert said in "What is Wrong With China." He expressed the opinion that the American government should place a man of ability and large caliber at Peking, to take advantage of situations to promote American interests; Otherwise it was only a question of time when the Japanese would dominate China. He said that enormous quantities of opium were produced and consumed in China and that the high cost of transportation by coolie back was prohibitive for most things except opium; and that the previous week he had counted five hundred coolies laden with opium in a single day. He said that ~~man~~ malaria is rampant in China and that when the French built the railway up country from Hanoi the engineers estimated that one life was lost from this disease for every railway tie ~~had~~ laid down. Mrs. Todd was with him and said they had many adventures together, especially in crossing the fighting lines of contending armies. There were two Germans at our table and they confirmed all that Mr. Todd had said about the duplicity, the mendacity, and the inefficiency of the Chinese.

After supper I sat on deck for awhile. The sea was calm, the sky dotted with brilliant stars, a soft breeze was blowing, and the sound of lapping water against the sides of the ship was very pleasing.

Tuesd~~y~~, 25 October, Haiphong to ^{Hongkong} Hanoi. When I went on deck the sea was as smooth as glass, as if oiled, a soft breeze was blowing, a low lying coast was visible to the north, dimly green through the

haze, with a shining conical tower which I assumed was a pagoda. A few sails of Chinese junks were visible also. The boat stopped at Hoi-How, an open roadstead on the north of the Island of Annam. The harbor was shallow and the boat anchored a mile or more outside. All one could see was a yellow sandbar.

After luncheon I began reading "Promenades with Anatole France." Later I read a French book from the small collection in the smoking room which turned out to be an ordinary French love story.

Wednesday, 26 October, Haiphong to Hongⁿkong; bright, clear and pleasant. There was much noise the previous evening as the boat was still loading cargo at 10.30 p.m. I had to close the porthole to my cabin opening onto the main deck because of the coolie passengers. I got up at 7 a.m. just as the boat was leaving. For two hours the coast of Annam was barely visible to the south. Nothing^{ing} but open sea was to be seen to the north. The sea was smooth, but long heavy swells were coming ~~and~~ head on which made the small ship pitch a little. Mr. Todd and his wife were engaged in making up ^{his} ~~his~~ expense account. I spent the day reading French stories. In the late afternoon the sea was a most beautiful blue, coming in long swells, and near the surface were miriads of jelly fish. We had a most beautiful sunset with superb cloud effects and wonderful coloring of red and mother of pearl. In the evening I talked with an official of the British customs service who said that he had resigned to enter a business establishment in Shanghai; that after serving ⁴⁶ ~~4~~ years and acquiring four or five languages, including Chin^ese, he ~~had~~ had been getting a salary of about twenty dollars a month, that it cost him that much to live, and that if he remained he would have to serve ten years before he could expect an increase in salary or leave to visit his home. Mr. Todd said that the only way to make coolies obey orders or respect their boss was to treat them roughly and without apparent consideration for their

(1927, Oct. Haiphong to Hongkong).

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feelings.

Thursday, 27 October, Hongkong; bright, clear, hot day.

Sea smooth but with a heavy ground swell. Reading French stories. Clocks and watches set ahead one hour to agree with Hongkong time, which brought luncheon an hour sooner than usual.

At 3.30 p.m. we entered the beautiful harbor of Hongkong which by this time was becoming a familiar sight to me. Two long, low, and very narrow submarines came in at the same time. The boat anchored well out in the harbor and passengers were taken off in launches. I was not sorry to leave this French boat, because of its cramped quarters and especially because of the cargo of heavy swine in bamboo crates piled four deep on the deck directly in front of my cabin port-hole. The poor creatures lay in their tight crates, unable to move or stand up, without food or water, and exposed to the hot sun for several days.

At the pier I separated from the Todds, she to remain to guard their baggage while he went to the American Express to find out when the next boat would leave for Shanghai. At the Hongkong Hotel I was given a room next to the one I had occupied on my previous visit. At the American Express office I engaged passage to Sidney, Australia, on the British S.S. Arafura due to sail the following day. It was to stop at Manila for one day only so that unless I could see the proper government officials on that day it would be necessary for me to break the voyage and lose two weeks waiting for the next steamer to Australia. I therefor sent a cable message to the Governor General asking that the officials interested in agriculture and statistics be prepared to meet me on the one day at my disposal and discuss the agricultural census project. I exchanged some money, bought a bottle of cognac and a supply of cigars, and a local newspaper which I read in my room. Had a m

(1927, Oct. Hongkong.)

E--3022

I read in my room. Had a moderately good supper, took a short walk, and retired early. It was very hot.

Friday, 28 October, Hongkong; bright, clear, and hot. After breakfast I wrote some letters. At the American Express I got my steamer ticket. Did some shopping and changed to one of the light suits the Chinese tailor had made for me. It was a fairly good fit but where the trousers were to be buttoned he had placed both buttons and holes on the same side so that in order to close the waist band I had to resort to a safety pin. At the American Consulate I again met Mr. and Mrs. Todd who said they were to sail the same afternoon for Shanghai.

I embarked on the S.S. Arafura, a British ship of about 6,000 tons, at ³ p.m., and ~~at~~ an hour later the ship got under way. Saw two American destroyers pass through the harbor; also half of a large ship anchored in the harbor. This was a wierd sight. The hull was very large and sat high out of the water. I was told that it was injured in a collision and the engineers had cut the boat through in the middle and made the open end water tight so that the half that was uninjured would float. ^PI got acquainted with a big man, evidently of Irish descent, who said he was an officer on one of the American cruisers we had seen in the harbor. He had taken leave to go to meet his wife and child whom he had not seen for three years. Also I met an English gentleman who said he had lived in ^{anau} ~~Mindau~~ nearly thirty years. The Irish-American was a little nervous until we had passed out of the harbor. He explained that his captain had approved his application for leave, but it had to be approved also by an officer of higher rank. Word came to him serrupticiously that the superior officer had disapproved the ^a ~~ap~~plication because the fleet was to cruise down to Singapore. Rather than miss seeing his wife ~~he immediately packed a suitcase and slipped away in a sampan on the~~

(1927, Oct. Hongkong-Manilla).

E--3023

he immediately packed a suitcase and slipped away in a sampan on the chance that his absence would not be discovered until the ship was out of the harbor. Among the stories he told was one of having been swept off the deck of his ship by a great wave and then being washed back again. Also he told of wonderful things that could be done with modern torpedoes, one being that a torpedo could be so adjusted as to be fired from the side of a ship opposite to the target, describe a half circle about the ship and go straight away to the target.

Saturday, 29 October, Hongkong-Manilla; a beautiful pleasant day with strong northeast trade winds and a white capped sea. The ship was very steady. My two acquaintances of yesterday were congenial and we were together most of the day. In the evening I sat on deck with the captain. He was a fine looking British officer who wore a "monkey jacket," which is a white dress coat without tails. He said he grew up on a sailing ship and served in the British navy during the war. Saw many flying fish during the day, and a little wild bird flew out in the rigging.

Sunday, 30 ^{October} October, Hongkong-Manilla; another beautiful day. Reading Anatole France's "Isle des Penguins," which is a most charming and somewhat satiric story. The few passengers on board were extremely quiet. Several of them were missionaries and rather unsociable. At 9 p.m. we caught sight of a light on the Philippine coast.

Monday, 31 October, Manilla; bright, clear, and hot. Was up at 6 a.m. as the ship was approaching the harbor of Manilla. There was much noise and confusion as the ship came to anchor in the outer harbor. I went on deck just in time to join the line of passengers to be vaccinated. I exhibited two vaccination certificates, ~~one less than six months old, but the doctor simply shook his head~~

(1927, Oct. Manila).

E--3024

one less than six months old, but the doctor simply shook his head and proceeded to vaccinate me again. Because an infant among the third class passengers had broken out with pimples the night before and the doctor could not decide whether it was chicken pox or smallpox ~~the doctor~~^{he} said every one on board should be vaccinated no matter how ~~many~~^{many} times they had been vaccinated before. Then it was reported ~~that~~^{that} the passengers ~~landing~~^{landing} at Manila would ~~have~~^{have} to go into quarantine for twenty-one days and that passengers for points beyond would not be permitted to land. This worried me somewhat because I would have to decide whether to remain on the ship and forego the interviews I had ~~arranged~~^{arr} with officials regarding the census, or perhaps lose a whole month. All I could do was to get some breakfast and sit around awaiting developments. Finally, after an hour or two of waiting, the word was passed around that first class passengers would be permitted to land. While waiting we watched ~~four~~^{four} submarines ~~dash~~^{dash} out of the harbor and back again while two airplanes circled overhead. Looking across a broad ~~sheet~~^{sheet} of water one could dimly see a part of the city and beyond on the horizon were mountains. The harbor was full of floating patches of water hyacinths.

It was after 10 a.m. when the ship drew up alongside a modern concrete pier. As I came down the gang plank a tall blonde gentleman hailed me by name. It was Stanton Youngberg, Director of Agriculture, whom I had met at Washington and who recognized me instantly. He said he had been in the Philippines since 1907. He was accompanied by Sr. Antonio Piñã, Chief of Agricultural Statistics. Dr. Youngberg took us in his automobile to the Government House. There I was introduced to Dr. Silverio Apostol, Secretary of the Department of Agriculture and Natural Resources, and to the Secretary of the Governor General. ~~We were then~~

one less than six months old, but the doctor simply shook his head and proceeded to vaccinate me again. Because an infant among the third class passengers had broken out with pimples the night before and the doctor could not decide whether it was chicken pox or smallpox the doctor said every one on board should be vaccinated no matter how many times they had been vaccinated before. Then it was reported that the passengers landing at Manila would have to go into quarantine for twenty-one days and that passengers for points beyond would not be permitted to land. This worried me somewhat because I would have to decide whether to remain on the ship and forego the interviews I had arranged with officials regarding the census, or perhaps lose a whole month. All I could do was to get some breakfast and sit around awaiting developments. Finally, after an hour or two of waiting, the word was passed around that first class passengers would be permitted to land. While waiting we watched ~~the~~ submarines ~~go~~ out of the harbor and back again while two airplanes circled overhead. Looking across a broad sheet of water one could dimly see a part of the city and beyond on the horizon were mountains. The harbor was full of floating patches of water hyacinths.

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(1927, Oct. ["]Manilla.)

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or General. We were then admitted to the private office of the Acting Governor General, Mr. Eugene Gilmore. He was very cordial and instructed the other gentlemen to discuss details of the census project and show me through the various departments, supply me with what information I might require, and bring me back at one o'clock for luncheon. At the postoffice I found a batch of letters being held for me. The organization and work of the Department of Agriculture was explained to me in detail by Dr. Youngberg. We were joined by Mr. Fisher, in charge of the Forestry Office, whom I had met once before at Rome. ~~P~~ Our party had luncheon with the Acting Governor General and his wife. The governor's mansion was an attractive building outside, surrounded by beautiful grounds, palms, tropical trees, and flowering plants. It was situated on the right bank of a swiftly flowing river that was almost completely covered with floating water hyacinths. In the distance beyond a bend in the river one could see blue mountains. The interior of the building was also attractive and interesting. The large rooms and stately halls had lofty ceilings, the floors were made of broad planks of polished dark red or brown woods, the walls and ceilings were panelled with these native woods beautifully carved, and on the walls were some excellent portraits of a long line of Spanish governors. Some of the windows were made of small squares of mother-of-~~pearl~~ pearl cut from great shells that are found in the waters and on the beaches of these islands. Mr. Gilmore was from Wisconsin and a graduate of the university of that state. His wife was a tall delicate looking lady and ~~a~~ said she was a sister of Miss Barnett, Librarian of our Department of Agriculture at Washington, from whom she had received a letter saying that I would visit Manila this summer. She had a fine collection of beautiful shells of many different shapes, sizes, and colors. The table about which we gathered was set in the banquet

(1927, Oct. Manila.)

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hall with polished hardwood floor, walls, and ceiling, the planks being of extraordinary width, rich dark red in color and showing a beautiful grain. Cocktails were served before luncheon and good white wine at the table. There was some nice soup, vegetables, a tender juicy steak, and ice cream for desert. After luncheon we adjourned to the broad veranda facing the river and had coffee.

There the governor said that the U.S. statutes relating to the census did not apply to the Philippines and that it would require special legislation of the Philippine government, especially with respect to appropriating the necessary funds; that a formal request should be received by the Philippine government from the International Institute of Agriculture addressed to the Governor General, through the State Department at Washington, which would route the request through the Bureau of Insular Affairs of the War Department; but he assured me that the officials of the Philippine government would cooperate to the fullest extent.

Mr. Fisher took me to the Forestry Bureau where I was shown a remarkably fine collection of specimens of the rich hard woods of the islands, some of them in the form of tables, chairs, desks, sections of paneled walls, and the like. ^{There were} Two circular tables with tops ten feet in diameter of beautifully polished single sections of large logs. Mr. Fisher said that the Forestry Bureau had done excellent work, but was seriously handicapped by the new Philippine Legislature, and that both rubber and sugar cane planting had made slow progress because a Philippine law restricted ownership of land to 1200 acres, which is not enough where large capital investments are required. He was very pessimistic because everything had been turned over to the Philipinos who, he said, were incompetent, unscrupulous, and took delight in tying the hands and obstructing

(1927, Oct., Manila.)

E--3027

the work of the American specialists with whom they could do nothing in the way of graft. He said the most discouraging part of the whole business was the lack of support back home and the constant talk of "scuttling" by men wholly ignorant of the situation.

Mr. Fisher went with me to the Bureau of Science in which was concentrated the scientific staff and equipment of the Philippine government, where I was shown through the laboratories by Dr. Brown, the Director.

At 4 p.m. Dr. Youngberg took me through a portion of the town and I bought a supply of Manila cigars and mailed some postcards to family and friends. I was interested in the crowds of little brown people on the streets and in the snatches of conversation in Spanish that I overheard. Then he took me across a new bridge, through a large park, past a normal school and hospital buildings, and out on the beach drive around the harbor, past many fine residences, through a squalid native section much like negro quarters except that the dwellings were constructed Malay fashion, that is, a hut on top of a platform on posts six feet or more above ground, often with shallow water underneath, with thin tin or board sides and a roof thatched with Napa palm leaves. We continued along this drive for several miles to a small and very old Spanish church in which a Belgian priest showed us a remarkable pipe organ made by a priest in 1818 of bamboo. The bamboo pipes were of all sizes and lengths and had been seasoned and rendered insect proof by being buried two years in the beach sand so as to become thoroughly impregnated with salt. At our request the priest played an air on the organ while three half naked boys worked violently to supply air with clumsy hand bellows. The tone of the instrument was very clear and pure. From a porch at the rear of the church we had a good view of a series of fish ponds which were said to be quite

(1927, Oct. Manila).

E--3028

good view of a series of fish ponds which were said to be quite profitable.

On the way back Dr. Youngberg said that the Belgian priest we had met came out to the Philippines as a young man, that his parents were wealthy, and that a few years previously he had inherited a considerable fortune, but instead of returning to his native country he had chosen to remain at his old post and employ his wealth in ameliorating conditions with which he was familiar without any change in his mode of life.

This led to a discussion of the Catholic church in the Philippines. The doctor said that with some notable exceptions the priesthood was ignorant, corrupt, and exploited the natives in many ways. To illustrate, he said that he had stopped at the house of a French missionary priest on one of the islands because he was the only white man there. Two women entered weeping and fell on their knees before the priest in supplication, but the priest was very stern with them and they went through the door and closed it softly, still weeping. The doctor stepped outside shortly afterwards and there found the two women kneeling by the side of a corpse and praying. He asked them what was the matter. One of them said the dead man was her husband and that she and her companion had brought the body to be blessed by the priest before burial; but the priest demanded five dollars, and all she had was three dollars and did not know where she could borrow the other two dollars. The doctor gave her the two dollars, the priest blessed the corpse, and the women departed with the corpse with shining faces. That evening the doctor asked the priest about the incident. The priest said "No, of course he could not be expected to perform a service with-

good view of a series of fish ponds which were said to be quite profitable.

On the way back Dr. Youngberg said that the Belgian priest we had met came out to the Philippines as a young man, that his parents were wealthy, and that a few years previously he had inherited a considerable fortune, but instead of returning to his native country he had chosen to remain at his old post and employ his wealth in ameliorating conditions with which he was familiar without any change in his mode of life.

This led to a discussion of the Catholic church in the Philippines. The doctor said that with some notable exceptions the priesthood was ignorant, corrupt, and exploited the natives in many ways. To illustrate, he said that he had stopped at the house of a French missionary priest on one of the islands because he was the only white man there. Two women entered weeping and fell on their knees before the priest in supplication, but the priest was very stern with them and they went through the door and closed it softly, still weeping. The doctor stepped outside shortly afterwards and there found the two women kneeling by the side of a corpse and praying. He asked them what was the matter. One of them said the dead man was her husband and that she and her companion had brought the body to be blessed by the priest before burial; but the priest demanded five dollars, and all she had was three dollars and did not know where she could borrow the other two dollars. The doctor gave her the two dollars, the priest blessed the corpse, and the women departed with the corpse with shining faces. That evening the doctor asked the priest about the incident. The priest said "No, of course he could not be expected to perform a service with-

(1927, Oct. Manila).

E--3029

out being paid for it in advance, and if the people could not pay his rightful fees he did not propose to exert himself to serve them."

The drive back to the city was very enjoyable. We had a view of a gorgeous sunset over the mountains and across the bay. It lasted until we entered the city. The doctor took me to the University Club in a low building near the beach. Here we had whiskies and sodas together and I answered questions about some of the countries I had visited. He accompanied me to the ship soon after 7 p.m. where we separated. After supper I started to write up my notes for the day. About 9 p.m. Dr. Youngberg came with his pretty young wife and invited me to go with them to the Manila Hotel, which I did. It was a ^alarge hotel facing the harbor and was full of guests, many of whom were in costume because it was Halloween Night. We were joined by a number of acquaintances, had whiskies and sodas, and I was cross examined about my travels. Dr. Youngberg said that he had attended a Pan Pacific meeting at Sidney and that the bushmen in the south of Australia are little more than animals, but that in the interior is a race of upstanding fearless negroes. We returned to the ship at 11 p.m. There was a party of men and women in the captain's cabin that was very noisy. They came down and sang songs on the deck and again on the pier until the ship pulled away at midnight. The lights on the harbor from the warships were very pretty.

Tuesday, 1 November, Manila to Australia; hot, with lovely clear sky, rippling blue sea, and white cumulous clouds on the horizon. The ship was headed nearly due south. To the east one could see a range of picturesque ^om^ountains, wooded nearly to their summits, and capped with white clouds as far as one could see. We appeared to be about four miles off shore. The trees came down almost

(1927, Nov. Manilla-Australia).

E--3030.

to the water's edge and no beach or surf could be seen. Schools of flying fish scampered and skipped over the surface on both sides of the ship. It was a beautiful day of dazzling sunshine, blue sky, and rippling sea, a succession of islands and mountains, silvery flying fish flapping^h over the sea, and ending with a marvelous sunset. Finished reading "Married Life," a good story of a man who married four wives. Began reading "Capt^{ai} Sullivan," a rather exaggerated sea story. The other passengers spent the day reading and the evening playing cards.

Wednesday, 2 November, Manilla to Australia; cloudy, showers, and cooler. Spent the forenoon drafting a report to the Institute and making up expense account for October. In the afternoon began reading "Pandolpho," a good story by Locke. At 6 p.m. we met the S.S. Tanda, sister ship of the Arafura coming in the opposite direction en route to Kobe and Yokahoma. It was a beautiful sight to see the two sister ships rush towards each other, pass within a few hundred feet, their rails lined with passengers waving and cheering at each other. I be^acame acquainted with a large elderly couple named Allen who lived in Australia, and a white haired lady named Mrs. McCall from Chicago who said she and her husband were on a two year trip around the world.

(~~Dragon, 2 Nov., yellow folder.~~) *omit*

(1928, Nov. Manilla-Australia.)

E--3031

Thursday, 3 November, Sandakan, British N. Borneo. Bright and clear with cumulous clouds and a breeze. Woke up early, but not early enough to pass medical^a inspection with the other passengers. The ship anchored sometime during the night in a harbor several miles in diameter and surrounded by low wooded hills. The town of Sandakan is a small one with some wharves and warehouses along the waterfront and scattering dwellings on higher ground. The short streets and the houses back of the warehouses were full of Chinese and therefore very dirty. On the hills back of the town were some good roads, good houses, and beautiful tropical trees and flowering shrubs. I walked through the town with Mr. and Mrs. McCall. We found a small bank and bought some Borneo money. We hired an automobile at three dollars an hour and drove out into the country about ten miles over a good road. It was a pleasant drive through a beautiful green country. We saw very few houses, but many water buffalo wallowing in mud holes like swine. Back in the hills the country is broken and irregular and the hills are covered with very tall trees with jungle growth underneath. Most of the land had been cleared for about a mile on both sides of the road for rubber trees. This land had a ground cover of leguminous vines similar to the Kudzu to keep down weeds, prevent erosion, and put the soil in condition for planting. The driver said the road had been completed for a distance of forty miles into the jungle and the planting of coffee and rubber had kept pace with the construction of the road. He said that all these plantations were financed, established, and managed by Chinese, except one English plantation near the town. We stopped to inspect this one. The rubber trees were said to be 22 years old, were about 18 inches in diameter at the base, and 40 to 50 feet high. The trunks were straight, the

(1927, Nov., ~~Manik~~ Sandakan).

EPEW 3032

bark smooth, the first branches 15 to 20 feet above ground. The leaves drooped in clumps of three. The seed are in a shell something like a hickory nut, somewhat larger than a chestnut, and resemble cast^{or} oil be^{ans}. In gener^al appearance the rubber trees resemble young and vigorou^{gh} chestnut trees. Many of the trees had been tapped, that is, a slender slice of bark had been r^emoved and a small metal trou^{gh} the size of one's finger had been inserted at the bottom with a small porcelain cup placed below to catch the dripping sap, which is milky white. The sap is collected daily and poured into porcelain troughs and mixed with acid to make it congeal into rubber. The material is poured out into thin sheets which toughen and are then hung up in a building and smoked. It comes out as a thin, semitransparent, amber colored sheet of rubber. The driver said that in the jungle which covers the island and comes down to the coast everywhere are to be found monkeys, elephants, bears, and other wild animals that roam about in the early morning or evening. I noticed some coolies carrying baskets full of water hyacinth corms, which the driver said would be boiled and fed to pigs. We saw many flowers, such as water hyacinths, purple water lilies, lantana, bougainvillea, hybiscus, and others not so familiar. A most common and interesting plant had pretty purple blossoms and delicate compound leaves that closed instantly when touched. We saw many little Chinese women at work in the fields and on the road. They wore trousers, a loose shirt, and enormous flat basket hats as large as umbrellas with a rim of black cloth hanging from them. When I tried to take a snap shot of a gang of these women they turned their backs to me.

After paying my share of the expense of the automobile and purchas^{ing} some picture postcards, I went to the little bank to turn back what remained of my Borneo money in exchange for shillings

(1927, Nov. Sandakan)

E--3033

and pence, but the cashier refused to take back the local money I ^ahad_k bought from him only a few hours before. We returned to the ship at noon. It was very hot and a bottle of cold beer was very refreshing. After luncheon I took a long nap. Early in the evening there was a tremendous tropical downpour of rain which seemed to fall not in single drops but in ~~sk~~ solid streams.

Friday, 4 ~~pm~~ November, Sandakan to Thursday Island; a bright clear hot day. It was announced that the ship would sail at noon and I had ⁿplanned_A to go ashore and interview the governor regarding census matters, but when I went on deck I found that the cargo had been loaded during the night and that we would leave at 10 a.m. This would not allow me to go ashore and have a satisfactory interview. However, I managed to see an agent of the company who informed me that British North Borneo is not a nation, government, or province, but simply a territory administered by the North Borneo Charter Company with headquarters in London and that anything in the nature of a census would have to be arranged for with the London office.

Although the sun was powerful there was a cool breeze and Sandakan looked bright, fresh, green, and pretty in the morning. The ship got under way shortly after noon. Until late in the afternoon we were in sight of low lying land to the west covered with coconut palm groves. The sky was pretty with soft white small clouds. We had no sunset because of a great rain cloud ^athat_A overspread the sky. The sea was full of floating patches of algae, coconuts, drift wood, plants, jelly fish, and sharks. Began reading "The New Jerusalem" by G. K. Chesterton. The preface announces ^athat_A the book is to be a discussion of Zionism, but no such discussion appears until the concluding chapter. It is a book of 340 pages and everything in it could easily be condensed into not more than 30 pages. It is a difficult book to read because it gets one nowhere and the writer suffers

(1927, Nov. Sandakan)

E-3033

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(1927, Nov. Sandakan to Australia). E--3034

from the dise^ase of paradox---You are right only when you are wrong, you fail only when you succeed, knowledge is ignorance, ignorance is knowledge, and equally sapient sentences, until the reader gets disgusted and wishes he could hit the author over the head with a club and say "Pain is pleasure," "Silence is eloquence," "You are alive only when you are dead," and so on ad infinitum.

During the ~~day~~^{day} I asked the purser to give me some English money for the small sum of Borneo money I had innocently acquired, but he said he could not do it. It seemed an anomalous situation when a company chartered by the British government should issue money under its own company and government name and sell that money to visiting strangers who were to stop on the island only a ~~and~~ day or two, which they had to buy in order to make purchases and pay expenses while ashore, and then turn around and refuse to buy back ~~what was~~^{what was} left on their hands. The company issues not only money but postage stamps as well. I learned that a gambling institution ~~is~~^{was} in full operation at Sandakan.

Saturday, 5 November, Sand^akan to Australia; bright, hot, good breeze, and a smooth calm sea. Enjoyed a swim in the tank that had been set up on the forward deck. The ~~early~~^{ea}ly hours of the forenoon afforded a veritable fairy scene. The blue sky was full of soft white cumulous clouds. A silver sea was as smooth as glass and reflected ever changing colors of blue, white, pink, and mother-of-pearl. Spent most of the ~~day~~^a typewriting. Finished in time to see a wonderful sunset. The cumulous clouds glowed with the rays of the setting sun. By this time the sea was rippling like a great river horizon wide. The ship was as steady as if she were at anchor. We were now in the Celebes Sea and also in the doldrums.

(1927, Nov. Sandakan to Australia.) E--3035

In the evening I read "Yellow Shades" by Sax Rohmer, a Chinese story laid in London.

(Miss Vanzetti, 2 Nov., yellow folder.

(1927, Nov. Sandakan to Australia.) E--3036

Sunday, 6 November, en route to Australia; When I looked out of the ^Porthole in the early morning I could see land to the west which I was told was one end of the Island of Celebes. There was a series of hills and mountains covered with forest, but no sign of human habitation, cleared land, boats, or anything else to indicate that the island was inhabited. For more than a half day we were sailing along this strange coast at a distance of about five miles. Some of the mountains seemed to be more than 3,000 feet high. The sea was calm, the sky blue and dotted with pretty clouds. It was fairly comfortable with a good breeze blowing. We crossed the equator with a beautiful sunset in the west. Finished reading "A Reckless Lad" by Sir Phillip Gibbs, a good war story. Felt twinges of conscience because I did not write my weekly letter home, but the day was too pleasant and comfortable for thought or effort. I felt that I was fortunate in having a whole cabin to myself and that conditions at sea had been ideal for a full week. There had been no more motion in the ship than if it had been going through the Panama Canal.

The chief officer said that the Island of Celebes was where Capt^{ai} Nye of the ship Bounty landed after the mutiny and his long voyage in an open boat. He afterwards became one of the governors of Australia.

Monday, 7 November, en route to Australia; alternate clouds and brilliant sunshine, cool breeze, sea as smooth as glass, silver flying fish and green islands to be seen on both sides, and a beautiful sunset. We came through Pitt Channel, passed the Island of Sarang that belongs to the Dutch, and at sunset came out into the Banda Sea. Sarang looked very pretty with its group of native huts and a few white houses along the beach. Started a letter home but felt too indolent to finish it. Reading "Free Air" by Sinclair Lewis,

(1927, Nov. en route Australia.)

E--3037

who seems to know how to describe certain phases of American life. We were given a Chinese dinner in the evening which was a dismal failure. I felt indignant at having foods served that no one could eat with chopsticks that no one could use. After it was over I went up on deck to sooth my disturbed spirits with three whiskies and sodas in succession, which effectually relieved my feelings. It was pleasant on the upper deck under the stars with a soft breeze blowing. Half a dozen other passengers, men and women, were there also enjoying the beauty of the night and trying to forget the unsatisfactory supper by indulging in whiskeys and sodas. Among them was a Mrs. Hays whom I had seen bid an affectionate farewell to her husband at Manilla. She occupied the cabin next to mine with a three year old daughter. ~~She~~ We sat at different tables and had never spoken. One of the group asked me to join them and "permit Mrs. Hays to vamp" me. I responded at once "Thanks, with pleasure; I have always wanted to meet a shrinking vamp." Mrs. Hayes, evidently in a spirit of bravado, stepped up to me as I was approaching and threw her arms about my neck. I reciprocated with so much enthusiasm that she promptly abandoned her role of vamp, much to the amusement of the group, one of whom remarked, "Who said he was a solemn preacher." After some coaxing Mrs. Hayes sang some songs and danced for the entertainment of the group.

Tuesday, 8 November, en route Australia; another perfect day. However, I was chilly after my morning swim and during the day felt that I was getting another cold, so took some quinine and went to bed. In the afternoon finished reading "Devil Wealth," a story of a titled Englishman of effeminate appearance who robbed trains and banks for the fun of it--a most romantic romance. In the forenoon we passed close to Bird Island. It is simply the top of a small

(1927, Nov. en route Australia).

E--3038

an active volcano that sticks up out of the sea perhaps 500 feet and is covered with trees and shrubs. The ~~sa~~ sea is said to be very deep a short distance from its steep slopes that enter the water without ^a beach. It was covered with miriads of water fowl, frigate birds with curious angular wings, booby birds with a crimson patch under their throats, and many others. The booby birds catch fish which the frigate birds take away from them. As the ship passed within a hundred yards of the island it blew its siren and fired off a small cannon and some rockets that exploded with loud reports. The birds rose into the air in a great cloud and milled around in circles. The chief officer said this would be the last land we would see until we reached Thursday Island, but as a matter of fact we saw another island on the horizon in the late afternoon. We had another beautiful sunset.

Wednesday, 9 ~~Sept~~ November, en route to Australia; no change in the beautiful weather, sky or sea. Spent the forenoon repairing typewriter and writing letters. Started to read "Sorell and Son" by Warwick Deeping, a great book, one of the best of its kind. A beautiful sunset followed by a full moon shining through thin fleecy white clouds with rainbow tints.

(Sister Nellie, 9 Nov ✓ yellow folder.

(Mother, same. ✓

3038-a
mission

3038--b

"At sea en route to Sidney, Australia,

"9 November 1927.

"Dear Mother:

"My last letter was written at Haiphong, Indo-China, October 23 to Wife and children. I left Haiphong the next day in a small French steamer and reached Hongkong on October 27. The weather was pleasant, the sea was smooth, but the service and accommodations were very poor. It was hot and the smells from the coolie passengers and a cargo of pigs on deck in front of my cabin were very strong. In China hogs for market are placed in a bamboo framework just large enough to hold them and keep them from struggling. On this occasion the hogs were piled on top of each other three or four deep like so much cord wood and they were compelled to lay in that position for three days and nights without a drop of water. Their squealings were distressing. Among my table companions was a Mr. Todd, Chief Engineer of the Chinese Famine Relief Commission, and his wife. They were returning from a three months trip through the Province of Uhnán in the west of China and had many thrilling tales to tell of their experiences.

"I spent only one day and night in Hongkong and was quite busy engaging passage to Australia and making necessary purchases. No time to have laundry done, which is always a problem with me. I cabled the Governor General at Manila that I would have only one day there and asking for a conference.

"Arrived in Manila Bay Monday morning, October 31. At first we were told that none of the passengers would be permitted to land because during the night a Chinese woman and child had developed symptoms of smallpox. Other doctors came aboard and decided it might be chickenpox, so we were all vaccinated and permitted to land.

"On the pier I found the Director of Agriculture and the

Chief of Farm Statistics waiting for me and we proceeded immediately to the office of the Governor General. Here I had a preliminary interview with the Governor and a committee of officials and was assured of their cooperation in the world agricultural census of 1930. Then I was taken to the Department of Agriculture and National Resources, the Bureau of Forestry, and the Scientific Bureau, in all of which I saw some very interesting exhibits, and the work of the department was explained to me. Had a nice luncheon with the Governor General and his wife in the Palace. This is a beautiful building with extensive grounds and on one side flows a river full of floating water hyacinths. The wife of the Governor General has a wonderful collection of beautiful shells and coral.

"In the late afternoon I was taken over the city, saw the old fortresses and bridges, monuments, business and residential streets and parks, and then out about ten miles on a drive around the bay, through a native village of thatched huts on stilts, to an old Spanish church, where I was shown a pipe organ made of bamboo more than a century old. Two little boys worked the bellows and an old priest put the organ through its paces. It has a wonderfully sweet tone. Then back to the city, with a wonderful blaze of glory where the sun was setting back of the mountains across the bay; a short stop at the University Club, and on to the ship in time for supper. After supper the Director of Agriculture and his wife called at the ship for me and we spent the evening very pleasantly at the Manila Hotel. We sailed at midnight.

"Steady sailing through smooth shining seas and under blue skies brought us on Thursday, November 3, to Sandakan harbor and the town of Sandakan, capital of British North Borneo. From the ship we could see a long wharf, some warehouses, a Chinese and Malay village along the beach, and some nice residences among the trees

back among the hills.

"In company with an American couple, Mr. and Mrs. McCall of Chicago, I went ashore. We first explored the village, found a bank and bought some Borneo money. Then hired an auto and drove out ten or fifteen miles in the country. The country is hilly and broken and originally was covered with a forest of large trees and jungles of bamboo. A good road has been constructed back into the interior for forty miles and the ground cleared on both sides and set to rubber trees. Practically all these rubber plantations belong to Chinese and most of them are so young as not yet to be in bearing. However, we saw two or three plantations that are producing. Trees twenty years old are more than a foot in diameter, fifteen feet to the first limb, and forty to fifty feet high, with smooth gray bark, and the general appearance of the trees and groves is very much like chestnuts. The milk white sap is obtained by making a diagonal cut in the bark, with a small metal trough and a cup at the end lower end. The cups are emptied daily and the sap is poured into pans and coagulated with acid. Then it is pressed into molds and hung up to cure in a smokehouse. Rubber is said to be very profitable.

"We saw gangs of little native women working on the road, breaking stone, and doing other heavy work. They work nine or ten hours a day ~~at~~ for about twenty-five cents. The country is green and fresh looking and there are many flowers. It is said to rain every day in the year and there is no winter. The driver said the woods and jungle are full of snakes, monkeys, deer, and elephants, but we saw none. We saw many water buffalo. They are ugly looking beasts and like to wallow in the mud the same as pigs. Upon inquiry I learned that North Borneo is governed by a chartered company with headquarters in London, just as India was a century or more ago. Southwest Borneo is governed by the Dutch. Now that Australia is

called a continent Borneo is the second largest island in the world, the largest being New Guinea.

"We left Sandakan November 4, sailed through the Celebes Sea and around one corner of the Celebes Islands, through the Molucca Passage, Pitt Passage, and into the Banda Sea, with islands and mountains in sight most of the time. Yesterday we passed Bird Island, which is simply the peak of an extinct volcano that sticks up out of the sea to a height of five hundred feet or more. It is very steep and its sides are covered with small trees and shrubs. It harbors miriads of sea fowl. As the ship passed the whistle was blown and some rockets that exploded with a loud report were thrown in the direction of the island and instantly the sky was full of whirling clouds of birds.

"The trip from Hongkong to Sidney is longer than across the Atlantic and takes about three weeks. From Manila to Thursday Island, where we will arrive tomorrow, is nearly two thousand miles. We crossed the equator two or three days ago and are now in the southern hemisphere.

"At Manila I received Sister Nellie's letter of August 20, the first and only letter from home that has reached me since I was in Tokio more than two months ago. I am hoping for some word from 1026 at Sidney. Also I hope to have letters from you telling me about your visit to Rockford. This has been a wonderful sea voyage. Day after day and week after week we have sunshine, blue skies, and smooth seas.

"Love to all.

"Lee."

Thursday, 10 November, en route Austrælia; no change in the beauty of weather, sky, and sea. Thoroughly enjoying this restful voyage. During the ~~day~~^a I read two novels, one a story of the Australian bush and the other a story of the South Seas. Also spent an hour or more making up stories for the entertainment of a little girl ~~whaxeraw~~ of about six who crawled up in my lap and at times listened in breathless silence and at other times clapped her hands with glee. She was a pretty little motherless thing whose father was taking her to relatives in Australia. The officers and most of the ladies dressed up for an evening party of bridge.

Friday, 11 November, en route Australia; another gloriously beautiful day, sky and sea. About 9 a.m. we drew into the channel that serves as a harbor for Friday Island, which is about six miles from Thursday Island. The channel or bay is four or five miles wide with islands on each side. On one side of the bay were two wrecked ships. On both sides were white sandy beaches and back of each were rocky brown hills that looked dry, but there were a few scattering trees and shrubs. The water ~~was~~^{was} very clear and blue and when the doctor's launch came out it shone green underneath. This was the first bit of Australian land we had seen, for which reason the doctor had to examine passengers to see that they were free from infection. Our ship could not dock to put ashore a ton of freight for this destination because the channel harbor would accommodate only one ship at a time and it was already occupied. Passport~~s~~ were also examined. This is a region of islands, of peaks sticking up out of the sea all around the horizon, some of them perfect cones. The sea itself was so full of various colors that it looked as if it might have something in it. Mostly it was blue or green with purple or pink shades, depending on the ~~light and the clouds. The ship got away before noon and all the~~

(1927, Nov. Australia).

E--3040

light and the clouds. The ship got away before noon and all the afternoon and evening ^asteamed against a strong head wind, the southeast trades, a rather heavy sea, and it became quite cool. The chief officer said that the trade winds blew all the year and always in the same direction, while the monsoons blew in the opposite direction at different seasons.

Saturday, 12 November, en route Sidney; another glorious day with strong southeast trade wind and racing whitecaps. The water was of a wonderful jade green color with shades of purple and violet. All day we were in sight of the Australian coast off Queensland. The hills and low mountains back of the sandy beach were barren and gray. On the coast side were many islands. In the opposite direction was the great barrier reef that extends parallel with the coast for more than a thousand miles. During this day's voyage the reef seemed to be about ten miles from the coast. We saw many sand bars slightly above the surface of the sea, many other sand bars and shallows just under the surface where the water either breaks into ripples or shows much lighter colors. We passed one atoll island or coral reef in form of a circle over which the waves from outside dashed, but inside the water was ^{calm} and smooth. Read two novels. Had a long talk with Dr. Taylor, a Scottish missionary and a most interesting gentleman, one of the few missionaries I have met who did not impress me as being ignorant, narrow minded, and supercilious.

Sunday, 13 November, en route Sidney; no change in fine weather or beautiful scenery. The trade wind not quite ^{as} strong as yesterday. The mountains on the coast were higher, some of them several thousand feet in height and sparsely covered with woods.

We reached the small town of Cairns about noon. After luncheon I went ashore for a walk. The streets were broad but unpaved. I ~~noticed several small hotels and banks. The town is on a small flat~~

(1927, Nov., Cairns.)

E--~~303~~x 3041

noticed several small hotels and banks. The town is on a small flat plain with brown mountains back of it and an open bay or roadstead in front. The buildings were of wood and mostly two stories high. Trees, shrubs, and grass showed the need of rain. The streets were dusty and everything looked gray or brown and barren. At the wharf I watched some husky stevedores remove a small quantity of freight which they conveyed in little hand trucks along the wharf at a snail's pace and with a most truculent air. It was excessively hot in the town, but when the boat left at 4 p.m. there was a cool breeze. Finished reading "New Medical Follies" by Dr. Maurice Fishbein, which was very interesting; also finished a South African story, and began "Drag," by William Dudley Pelley, a story of New England. Moonlight on the sea at night was very beautiful. There are many twists and turns in the channels between the islands and sandbars and reefs of the Great Barrier which required constant watchfulness by the ship's officers and careful steering. I was told that in some sections of the reef the navigation is so difficult and hazardous that the captain ^{ain} does not leave his lookout on the bridge for 24 hours at a stretch.

Monday, 14 November, en route to Sidney; bright, clear, cool and pleasant. For some reason I had no desire to sleep and read until 5 a.m. Had a swim at 8 a.m., dressed, and had breakfast. The ship was anchored in a channel between islands a mile or more from Towns- end, a small town surrounded by ~~red~~ sand and barren mountains. Some of the passengers went ashore in a launch. Some freight was unloaded into lighters and the porters engaged in the work were distressingly and exasperatingly slow and insulting in manner. Unquestionably the Australian stevedores are the most inefficient and utterly worthless in all the world. The way they swaggered back and forth with small burdens that a twelve year boy could ^{have} handled with one hand made one itch to cast a brick at them, or to see a soldier

(1927, Nov. Townsend.)

E--3042

^{hand}
~~had~~ made one itch to cast a brick at them, or see a soldier prod them in the rear with a good sharp bayonet. I amused myself watching the porters; and in grouping countries by size as shown by a small atlas. These groupings are interesting, especially for making statistical comparisons which are an aid to memory in recalling total areas and relative sizes of countries. For example, the countries having an area of 3,000,000 square miles or more, in the order of size, are Siberia, Chinese Republic, Europe, Canada, Brazil, Australasia, and the United States; only Australia falls between two and three million square miles; from one to two million include India and dependencies, French West Africa, China proper, Russia proper, Mongolia, Arabia, Argentina, and the Egyptian Sudan; and so on for other groupings,

After The ship got under way at 11 a.m. and all day long we ~~see~~ steamed over a smooth sea with a good breeze from the south. Islands and pearl gray mountains were visible far to the west. In the late afternoon it got quite chilly. Finished reading "Quinby's Adventures" and a series of short stories about an antiquary, which I did not like very well.

When I Tuesday, 15 November, en route to Sidney; partly cloudy; sea extremely blue until afternoon when a strong wind developed a heavy sea. Put on heavier clothing and spent the day reading.

Wednesday, 16 November, en route to Sidney; a delightful day. Most of the day we were in sight of a sandy coast which appeared to be made up partly of islands, with high hills or low mountains partially wooded in the background, and great areas of treeless white sand interspersed, which were sometimes on top of the hills or slopes. A large porpoise played alongside the ship for more than an hour. Catherine, the motherless child with a live-

(1927, Nov. Australia).

E--3043

ly imagination, sat in my lap for more than an hour while I made up fairy tales about the islands and mountains we saw. In the afternoon one of the women passengers imprudently followed a golf ball to the railing ^{next} to the lifeboat on the top deck. As she reached for the rolling ball she grasped the railing with one hand and it gave way. Fortunately an officer who was playing with her was within reach and caught her by one ~~hand~~ hand just in time to prevent her from falling overboard. It all happened very quickly and the hearts of those who witnessed the accident missed several beats. I read two French books, neither very good.

Thursday, 17 November, Brisbane; hot at midday, cloudy and cool in the afternoon. Awoke and had to get up early for medical inspection at 6.30 a.m. The ship was in the middle of a sizable river. After inspection the ship steamed upstream to a wharf at the lower end of Brisbane. The river was clear, only a few hundred yards wide, very crooked, and full of jelly fish. The land on both sides is undulating and cut up ~~it~~ into fields. We passed several villages and a number of ^{meat} ~~meat~~ packing plants and saw many eucalyptus trees. Shortly after breakfast I was interviewed by two newspaper men to whom I outlined briefly the world agricultural census project. I went ashore at 9 a.m. and took a taxie to the postoffice. Sent a telegram to the American Consul at Sidney asking that my mail be sent to the office of the steamship company so that I would not have to wait until Monday to get it. Discovered that the telegraph employe could not accept English money in payment. Walked across to the Commonwealth Bank to change English for Australian money, and learned that the bank would not open until 10 a.m. ~~To~~ ^{At} put in time I walked about a mile to a bridge across the river and back. It was excessively hot. The streets were full of people, many of them ~~evidently from the country. None of the men wore thin clothing~~

(1927, Nov. Brisbane).

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them evidently from the country. None of the men wore thing^y clothing or straw hats. The city looked clean and prosperous. The suburbs resembled those of California towns with bougainvillas and other ornamentals in their yards. ^PAfter changing money I walked to the Queensland Department of Agriculture. The minister was in the Commonwealth Parli^{am}ent looking after his budget. I saw the Under Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Graham, who advised me that each of the six states had its own department of agriculture and receives its appropriations from the state government, and that the Commonwealth or federal government has very little to do with the state governments. He said that the work of these independent state governments relating to agriculture ^{was} ~~wa~~ coordinated and harmonized by periodical conferences. He said that sugar cane would become the most important agricultural industry of Queensland; that tobacco had not prospered because it lacked aroma; and ^{that} ~~the~~ cotton had not developed ~~rapid~~ rapidly because the settlers wanted to grow ratoon cotton (i.e., perennial tree cotton instead of the upland annual varieties), whereas the Commonwealth and the state government ^{were} ~~was~~ trying to persuade them to grow the varieties ~~that~~ had succeeded so well in the United States. He said that this was the third successive year of severe drouth in Queensland, that this caused tremendous losses in cattle and sheep, and that practically all the livestock had to be removed from the drouth areas ~~and moved~~ to areas with pasturage. He said that dairying was increasing rapidly; that nineteen agricultural commodities were under control by boards made up of representatives of each industry and a marketing representative of the department of agriculture, and that the principal reason why the population of Australia had not increased more rapidly was because of the distance from the home country, so that prospective emigrants felt that if they ever came to Australia they could never

(1927, Nov. Brisbane.)

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hope to see the homeland again, ^{and} ~~nd~~ for that reason they preferred to go to Canada, the United States, or South Africa.

Mr. Graham sent a messenger to show me the office of Mr. W. G. Wells, an America cotton specialist. Mr. Wells said he was employed several years under Mr. Kearney in the Bureau of Plant Industry of our Department of Agriculture and had been stationed in Arizona. He came to Australia in 1922 where he married. He said there were good opportunities in Queensland, but that the climate over a large part of Australia is so uncertain as to make farming very hazardous; but the greatest and most intolerable evil was the prohibitive cost and inefficiency of union labor.

I returned to the ship for luncheon and because of the heat I did not go ~~am~~ ashore again.

Wednesday, 18 November, en route to Sidney; following a heavy thunder storm during the night the ~~ay~~ day ~~a~~ was cloudy, cold and threatening rain. The sea ^{wa} ~~wa~~ rough. Occasionally one could catch a glimpse of a dim headland to the west. Reading the story of the "Callahans and Murphys," which I enjoyed greatly. Had a game of quoits with one of the passengers and a romp with two little girss who begged for fairy stories. Packing up in the evening.

(Hiatus--Thursday and Friday, and discrepancy in dates.)

Saturday, 19 November, Sidney; bright, clear, and cool.

During the forenoon we were in sight of land to the west, a rather low country with sandstone cliffs facing the sea and a strip of white sandy beach. We came to the mouth of the harbor between high perpendicular headlands about noon. The two headlands are cliffs facing each other, with the white surf beating high on them, and a few houses on top. The channel between the cliffs appeared to be two or three miles wide. Looking between the headlands one could see

(1927, Nov. Sidney).

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Sidney across the bay. A pilot took the ship into the bay while luncheon was being served, and the doctor came aboard at 12.30. The harbor and city were attractive, but not impressive. There are no mountains in sight. The bay is surrounded by low rocky hills without much soil on them, and the trees and shrubs had a semidesert gray appearance. Near the city is the botanical garden with trees and green lawns ~~that~~ that come down to the water's edge. Well kept suburbs stretch around the bay on both sides with neat wooden or ~~stone~~ stone cottages with red roofs, lawns, and trees. In the parks and gardens are many ~~and~~ araucaria pines, eucalyptus, ^{palm} palm and rubber trees. The business section of the city is near the water front and extends up a gentle slope. The water in the bay is clear and blue.

We passed near the spot where a ferry boat was run down, cut in two and sank a few days before our arrival. Many lives were lost. After tips and an interview with a reporter I went ashore and was quickly passed by the customs officers. A taxie took me to the Australian Hotel where I was given a comfortable room and bath. I received some mail, but of the three letters from home that my secretary in Rome said she had forwarded none were received. After getting settled I took a walk down the street. Near the hotel were a number of the ^ashops, department stores, and banks, all of which were closed. Apparently all business establishments were closed except hotels and pubs (bar rooms). These last seemed to be well patronized. After a long walk and much searching I found one little cigar stand where I bought a supply of cheap Manilla cigars.

In a large park I visited a museum in a large red sandstone building which contained an exceptionally fine collection of natural history and ethnological specimens. Among them were specimens of skeletons and stuffed mammals, reptiles, fishes, rodents, marsupials, ^a weapons and utensils of the native blacks of stone and wood, includ-

£1927, Nov. Sidney).

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weapons and utensils of wood and stone of the native blacks, including canoes, boomerangs, spears, swords, clubs, bows and arrows. Among the spear and arrow heads were some made of glass insulators knocked off from telegraph poles. These were artistically made and were of the same shape as those made from flint.

A short distance beyond the museum I came to the art gallery which occupies a beautiful situation on the brow of a hill in the park overlooking the harbor, ~~but~~ but it was closed for the afternoon. From this point the harbor looked beautiful and seemed to be surrounded by wooded hills. I stopped for awhile in a neat pavilion near the ^{art} ~~at~~ gallery where tea and cakes were served.

I returned to the hotel at 6 p.m. and read some newspapers. Then went out on the street to look for a restaurant. I found a small cafeteria in a basement where I had a fairly satisfactory supper. Barber shops, tobacco shops, and men's lavatories, seemed hard to find. After supper I walked a mile or more in one direction and back. On the return I passed a large structure which I took for the town hall or municipal building. In front was a large sign announcing an organ recital. I entered and found myself in a large auditorium much like the interior of a large church with ^{an immense} ~~a large~~ pipe organ built in across one end. The organist, Mr. Truman, played Verdi's "Rigoletto" which I enjoyed greatly. Unfortunately not more than a hundred persons were present to hear it. I noticed that the pubs were closed in the evening. Later I learned that they were open only from 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. on week days and closed on Sundays. However, a guest in a hotel could be served at any time. The organ recital was over at 9.30 p.m. and at that hour the streets were practically deserted and very quiet.

(1927, Nov. Sidney)

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Sunday, 20 Nov., Sidney; clear and pleasant, hot sun and cool breeze. At breakfast in the dining room of the hotel I saw a number of passengers from the Arafura. It is curious how some fellow passengers on a long voyage fail to become acquainted on shipboard, but as soon as they meet ashore they recognize and greet each other. So it was with some of these passengers who now greeted me so cordially. I suppose we did not get acquainted on the ship because our cabins were on different decks, our tables at a distance from each other in the dining room, and our daily routine so different that we were not brought together.

I took a ferry across the bay to Taronga Park and the zoological garden. The trip across the bay was very enjoyable. the harbor appeared to be about a mile in diameter, the water was clear, and the high banks were covered with lawns, trees, neat cottages, with the business section of the city on one side. A very high bridge was under construction across an arm of the bay which I could see would look very imposing when completed. In the harbor were several war ships and many merchant vessels. The zoological park was on a hill opposite the business section of the city. The road zigzags across the side of the hill facing the bay and the pens and cages for the animals range along the sides of the road. Each pen or cage was inclosed by a thin stone fence about four feet high with a wire fence above it. These stone fences spoil the appearance of the park. The hillside was covered with a relatively low growing and much twisted variety of eucalyptus. The hill seems to be solid sandstone with very little soil on top and one wonders how trees can grow in it. At every available spot perennial and annual flowering plants had been planted and many of them were in full bloom. To me the most interesting of the exhi-

(1927, Nov. Sidney).

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bits were the kangaroos, birds, and monkeys. Also there were some fine specimens of camels, ostriches, and antelopes. There was a magnificent specimen of black ostrich from east Africa which looked as big as a horse and walked with a mincing step just as many small birds do. The ferry boats were crowded with young people of both sexes and whole families out for a holiday, many of them with lunch baskets. As usual the monkeys were the principal attraction. There were many of them, most of them large, in a large inclosure with boulders, dead trees, and various ropes, chains, pulleys, swings, trapezes, hoops, wheels, and other devices on which the monkeys exercised. An amusing incident occurred at the cage of a large chimpanzee. that was nearly as large as a man. One of the bystanders began to stamp his foot. The chimpanzee did likewise, getting more and more excited and angry as the crowd took up the rhythmic stamping. Finally, overcome with rage, the manlike animal grabbed an orange from the floor of his cage and hurled it with all the strength of a baseball pitcher directly at the crowd. The ripe fruit struck one of the iron bars and splashed many of his tormentors.

The people on the ferry boats were plain looking, ^ahealthy, and quite as undemonstrative as our New Englanders, although a few of them looked like our Westerners.

At the hotel I had a cocktail ^{at} that cost 37 cents. Read some newspapers, ^{and} had luncheon at a restaurant for \$1.25, including wine that ^awa_n served in a teacup.

I walked across the park to the art gallery. It has a number of large salons that were well lighted and the walls were covered with burlap and hung with collections of most excellent oil paintings, water colors, landscapes, portraits, and sketches of historical scenes. Many of the pictures were very pleasing and I spent more than an hour studying and admiring them. One painting in particular

(1927, Nov., Sidney).

E--3050

than an hour studying and admiring them. One painting in particular stands out in my memory. It was an oil portrait of an elderly lady with one of the most benevolent and motherly expressions I have ever seen. To me the expression that the artist had caught and depicted on that elderly face was finer than anything I had seen in the churches ^{and} galleries of Europe.

From the gallery I walked across the park lawn to listen to some soap box orators who were addressing groups of people. Several of the gatherings were religious in character and sung hymns and were exhorted by preachers. Most of the groups were small in comparison to several very large ones. The Salvation Army was well represented. At one of the smallest of groups an exceedingly well dressed lady was talking in her best and most authoritative society manner to a few laboring men, exhorting them to live lives of love, light, and sweetness. A large gathering was addressed by a little, thin, old man who was attacking the Catholic church most bitterly. Another large group was addressed by a fiery spirit ^q who denounced a recent law requiring ~~service~~ military service of all male citizens. He dwelt particularly upon the possibility of young men being conscripted for military service and taken overseas to be shot down by the enemy. The speaker of the next group was holding forth on the evils of alcohol in Australia and the success of prohibition in the United States which he pictured as a sort ^{of} heaven on earth. The speaker that attracted the largest group was a belligerent and very aggressive representative of the International Workers of the World, the I.W.W., ^{interpreted in} ~~of~~ the United States as "I won't work." He mounted a table, threw off his coat and his vest, rolled up his sleeves, opened his collar, and after making some scornful remarks about the religious meetings nearby to the effect that they had been singing the same hymns and saying

(1927, Nov., Sidney).

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(1927, Nov., Sidney).

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the same things for two thousand years and were no farther along now than when they began, he paid his respects to the police with special reference to the fact that a delegation of unemployed ^a had tried to gain access to the Minister of Labor and had been clubbed by the police. Then followed a tirade against capitalism, wealth, and government. The next ^a speaker was explaining to a small gathering how simple it would be to put idle men on idle land and thereby give employment to thousands, utilize land that was then going to waste, and produce food for the starving and wealth for the Commonwealth. This group meeting was interrupted by a drunken man in rags who insisted on making an incoherent speech and refused to be pacified until a man in the audience took him by the shoulders and marched him protestingly away. In all there must have been several thousand men and women on the grounds standing about the various speakers. All were unprepossing in appearance and their faces indicated liberal libations of beer.

I returned to the hotel at 4 o'clock, tired from walking and standing several hours, and took a nap. In the evening I went to a restaurant ~~I~~ and ordered oysters "American style," as listed on the menu. The oysters came ^{but} ~~but~~ were smothered in a ~~thick~~ ^a porridge so thick that I refused to accept them. I told the waiter to try to get me some oysters cooked in hot milk, with a little butter, salt and pepper. The order came ultimately, but the oysters were small and few in number. It ^{was} ~~wa~~ a disappointment, but cost 75 cents. The Sidney papers contained good notices of my mission to Australia.

Monday, 21 Nov., Sidney; cloudy and cold. After breakfast I left with a photographer some films to be developed and my portable typewriter with a dealer for repairs. I found the American Consul, Mr. Lawton, on the 6th floor of a large building on O'Connell street. He was an elderly gentleman who had served as consul for 21 years. He

(1927, Nov. Sidney).

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spoke rather enviously of the American Commercial Attache of the Department of Commerce, a position that paid a much higher salary than that of consul, with better quarters, equipment, and travel allowances, and not such exacting duties to perform. He confirmed the statements of the Secretary of Agriculture at Brisbane to the effect that there was no federal department of agriculture or experiment stations, each state having its own organization. At my request he arranged by telephone for an appointment with the Under Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Ross, the following day.

I next called at the office of the American Trade Commissioner, but he was out at the time. His secretary said that the Trade Commissioner had tried to reach me at the hotel by telephone.

Had luncheon at a restaurant and bought all the cigars the dealer had. Then had a hair cut, which operation took an hour. Noticed that the barber shops were usually in the rear of tobacco shops.

At 2 o'clock I ⁴called again at the office of the Trade Commissioner. I was both surprised and pleased to find that he was Mr. Squires, a former employe of my bureau stationed at Berlin, whom I had not seen since 1921. He it was whose appointment I obtained as a meat marketing specialist at the request of Secretary Wallace. After his appointment he had organized a meat reporting service in western Europe. The chief of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics under whom he served never liked him and upon one of Mr. Squire's visits to Washington they had some words, and Mr. Squires immediately obtained an appointment as trade commissioner in the Foreign Service of the Department of Commerce. He said that Australia was suffering a ²great business depression with considerable unemployment and distress, and that it was worse in Queensland because of ~~the prolonged drouth and loss of crops and livestock, and whee also~~

(1927, Nov. Sidney).

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the prolonged drouth and loss of crops and livestock, and where also socialism was more rampant than elsewhere. He said there was very little overhead or central^aized government, each state having its own department of agriculture which had nothing to do with censuses or statistics; that Canber^ra was a newly organized federal district modeled after the District of Columbiaⁱn the United States, but that very few of the Commonwealth officials had^yet moved to their new quarters. We spent the whole afternoon together. Among other things he described the ~~method of~~ system of pooling agricultural products and controlling the quantities to be placed on the market by means of licenses to dealers. He said th^at the northern half of Austr^alia has rain in summer but none in winter and therefore cannot grow wheat to advantage. The southern half gets winter rains and wheat is a principal industry.

On the way back to the hotel I stopped at Cook's travel agency to cash a travellers check and get train schedules and sailing dates for Canber^ra, Melbourne, Wellington, and Batavia. Also stopped in a pub and was surprised to see how crowded it was. The drinks were served by attractive barmaids. Stopped for my photographs, which were spoiled by slovenly work. Bought a bottle of Scotch whiskey for twelve shillings. Had an unsatisfactory supper at a restaurant. Walked a few squares and found a second hand book shop where I bought three books, one by Bill Arp, one by O'Henry, and one by Locke. The streets were dull and uninteresting in the evening. Most of the people on the streets were plain and homely and much of the city imoressed me as being an overgrown country town. The Consul said that on the day Vanzetti and his accomplices were executed in the United States the I.W.W. leader in Sidney called up at 10 a.m. by telephone to advise him that a procession of men a mile long were marching on the Consulate

(1927, Nov. Sidney.)

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to protest the action of the United States, and that the procession would reach the Consulate at noon. However, they made the mistake of stopping in the Square to plant red communist flags upon the foundation of the cenotaph to the unknown Australian soldiers and making inflammatory speeches. This lost them the sympathy of people generally.

Tuesday, 22 November, Sidney; partly cloudy and warm. Mailed some postcards and books to the family in Washington. I went to the chemist's to see about photographs, only ^{half} ~~have~~ of my films having been returned. The clerk in the hotel said another guest had exactly the same experience. Called at the office of Mr. Squire. He said that not only is the great central area of the country a complete desert but the best parts are semidesert; that the production of wheat probably can never be doubled; that the sheep industry cannot expand because of lack of water; that the population of the great northern territory has decreased from a maximum of 16,000 because the conditions of life are too severe; that except for bits of timber on the west coast the trees of Australia are so scrubby and knotty that only small planks can be obtained from them and Australia depends largely upon America for lumber; that while Australia has plenty of coal no oil had yet been discovered; that attempts ^a ~~ha~~ been made to extract oil from shale but it did not pay; that most industries are hampered by lack of efficient labor and high cost of labor; and that these facts are not published in Australia because the government and business men wish to borrow immense sums for so-called development purposes.

I returned to my room at noon and addressed some postcards. The typewriter repair man brought ⁺ my machine and after some discussion I agreed to exchange it for a new one and pay the difference.

(1927, Nov.Sidney).

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After luncheon I went to the American Consulate and was interviewed by Mr.H.F.Eberle, the agricultural editor of "Country Life." Then in company^{pa} with Mr.Stapleton of the Consulate I went to the office of the Under Secretary of Agriculture of New South Wales, Mr. G. D. Ross, who was very courteous and obliging. He confirmed the information I had already obtained regarding the relation of the Commonwealth government with the state governments with respect to agriculture, and from him I learned that all statistical matters were handled by the Commonwealth Statistician or Registrar's office. He described in detail the organization and work of his department as well as the organization of the various cooperative societies.

At luncheon I conversed with a man who sat at my table. He said he lived about thirty miles from Sidney; that land in small parcels for mixed farming sold for seven to fifteen pounds per acre, but land with water was worth more; that the great drawback to farming in Australia was the uncertainty of rain and lack of water, without which there cannot be much development; that^a the politicians were responsible for much trouble because they catered to the labor party and appointed ignorant laboring men without education or experience to important posts and through their ignorance and incompetence much damage was done, and yet these ignorant men clung to their jobs because the pay was better than they were accustomed to receive.The result, in his opinion, was a "horrible mess." He mentioned the prickly pear pest and said that in times of drouth many farmers cut the cacti and boiled them to feed to stock. He thought the time might come when the growing of rabbits might become an important industry because they are so prolific, require no attention, and in the long run are more profitable than livestock. He said that good roads

(1927, Nov., Sidney).

E--3056

were being constructed rapidly because of the automobile.

In the afternoon I called a second time at the chemists to see about the missing films, and at Cook's for more information about transportation. In the evening I called at the second hand book store and bought three volumes, including Karl Marx's "Das Kapital", the bible of socialism. During the day I noticed many soldiers on the streets begging.

Wednesday, 23 November, Sidney; bright, clear, and warm. After breakfast Mr. Squire accompanied me to the New South Wales Bureau of Statistics. The statistician, Mr. T. Waiter, said that his bureau was the oldest statistical bureau in Australia, that it had about thirty employes, was well equipped, and that among the statistics collected and published by it were those relating to agriculture, which were collected on questionnaire forms by the police and every precaution was taken to make them accurate. He said that crop reports and estimates were published by the state meteorological office, ^{but} ~~He said that~~ the crop reports were unsatisfactory because conditions in New South Wales were so uncertain and precarious and subject to sudden material changes.

At 12.30 Mr. Squire and I ~~w~~ walked to his new car that he had recently bought at a bargain. He said his license cost \$40.00 and gasoline 50 cents a gallon. He drove out to the University which is housed in a number of brown stone buildings in a large park in the suburbs. The university had an enrollment of about 2,000 students. I was introduced to Dr. Griffith Taylor, economic geographer. He showed me many statistical tables and charts, and a number of bulletins and books of which he was the author ^{and} of which I remember only "Australia, Physiographic and Economic," and "Environment and Race."

(1927, Nov., Sidney.)

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He talked interestingly of the potential agricultural production and population of Australia in a rather pessimistic way, and was much interested in the proposed world census of agriculture. Together we went down stairs to the students' cafeteria and had luncheon. Prof. Bemis, geologist from New Zealand, sat opposite us. Also I met the professor of animal industry and Dr. Henry, chief of the veterinary service. After luncheon we visited Dr. R. D. Watt, professor of agriculture, who attended the international wheat conference in Rome last spring. He talked at length of the agricultural problems and progress in Australia.

At 3 p.m. we returned to the city and I called on the Consul to thank him for the courtesies he had extended to me. He asked my opinion of the best way to extend agriculture into the dryer regions of Australia and I summarised for his benefit Dr. Watt's statements to me. Then he asked about prohibition in the United States concerning which he was to give a talk the following day.

While reading bulletins at the hotel a messenger from the Consulate brought me a copy of Foreign Crops and Markets for September 6 containing a resume of my reports on the countries of Europe and of North Africa.

(Wife, 23 Nov. Sidney, yellow folder.)

"Sydney, Australia, 23 November 1927.

"Dear Mommie and Niñas:

"Observe the beautiful typewriting! My old machine was so constantly out of order and so aggravating that I dreaded trying to write with it. So, here, I traded it in on a new machine and was allowed eight pounds (about \$40) for the old one.

"My last letter was written at sea to mother on November 9. Two days later we anchored for a few hours in the outer harbor of Thursday Island, which belongs to Australia and is one of many thousands of islands scattered through these southern seas. They are the peaks of mountains that stick up out of the bottom of the ocean. The harbor is long, narrow, and full of islands. Long ago it was the center of a great pearl diving industry. It is surrounded by semiarid hills with narrow yellow sandy beaches. Two wrecked ships rest half buried on one of the sand bars. The water is wonderfully clear and full of bright, almost brilliant, shades of blue and emerald green. Also it is full of sharks. We could not go into the town, some four or five miles distant, because the wharf is big enough to accommodate only one ship at a time and another ship got in ahead of us.

"From the time we left Thursday Island we were in sight of the Australian coast to the west, and to the east the Great Barrier Reef that extends southward parallel with the coast for a thousand ~~and~~ miles or more. All that can be seen of the reef from the deck of a ship is partly submerged sandbars, small low islands, long lines of surf breaking on the submerged ~~sandbars~~ coral reef, or shallow water over submerged sandbars that had an entirely different color from the deeper water on either side. Because of the innumerable islands, reefs, and sandbars, and the crooked channel, the captain stayed on the bridge for 24 hours at a time. The weather was de-

lightful and the sea ~~is~~ calm throughout. I had a regular orgie of novel reading--two a day.

"On November 13 we were anchored for a few hours in the harbor of Cairns, a small town on the northeast coast of Queensland. This harbor is open to the sea and surrounded on two sides by semibarren mountains, that is, mountains of brown sandstone with a growth of scattering trees and shrubs, but no grass. I went ashore and walked through the town. It has one or two broad unpaved streets and wooden buildings on either side. The sun was excessively hot--say 110 degrees in the shade--this is in the tropics--so that I was glad to get back to the boat and under an awning. I was told that over the mountains there is an extensive table land at an elevation of about 3,000 feet on which considerable sugar cane is grown.

"Our boat has some freight to put ashore. My attention was attracted by the dignified and stately manner in which the dock hands handled the freight on the wharf. What struck me with astonishment was the extremely dignified, defiant, deliberate pace of these loafer lords of labor, each walking as if he had a chip on his shoulder, with an air of insolence that made a spectator feel like shying a brick at him. They walked about as fast as an ox does pulling a plow in Italy, where one has to look twice to see whether he is actually moving or not. The trouble here and elsewhere in Australia is that all labor is organized to see how little work they can do and how much wages they can exact, and how much trouble they can make. This has become a curse to the country and Australia is progressing backwards crab fashion. I was told that not long ago the dock hands at Cairns refused to load a cargo of perishable fruits and vegetables, and to prevent their entire loss the growers came down with shotguns and loaded on the produce themselves.

"On the 14th we stopped a few hours at Townsville, where

I again saw the tortois-like movements of the dockhands. This is a small place and I did not go ashore, the town lying some two miles from the M wharf. There were many islands in and about the harbor.

"In the early morning of the 17th we steamed up ~~the Brisbane~~ ~~River~~ a river to Brisbane, the capital of the State of Queensland, which is about two and a half times the size of Texas, or probably about the size of the United States east of the Mississippi, but half of it is desert and its population is less than a million, of which nearly a third live in Brisbane. The city is rather pretty and is built over a number of hills around and through which the river flows. I was interviewed by a reporter, went to a bank to buy some Australian money--pounds, shillings, and pence--and then visited the Department of Agriculture and Stock, where I interviewed the Under Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Graham, and the American cotton specialist, Mr. Wells. Here I learned that the Commonwealth of Australia is a rather loose federation of six independent states, each of which has a department of agriculture; that there is no national or commonwealth department of agriculture; that agricultural statistics are collected and published by the state and commonwealth statisticians, the city and rural police collecting the original data, and the law prescribes penalties for obstreperous farmers and others who cannot see the good of statistics and refuse to answer questions; that sugar cane, cotton, tropical fruits, sheep and wool, and mining, are the principal industries; and that nineteen agricultural products are marketed under a compulsory cooperative pooling system.

"This State has suffered from severe drouth for several years. I talked with a man who had just returned from an automobile trip to the interior who said that in one section he visited no rain had fallen in four ~~year~~ years. The ~~2~~ official statistics show that 20 per cent of the sheep, 16 per cent of the cattle, and 10 per cent of the

horses, had died or been moved out of the State last year, and was told of another man who had just bought a thousand haad of sheep at 25 cents apiece. I saw a statement in a local paper to the effect that one ranch (here called a 'station') had moved 10,000 sheep 180 miles by auto-trukk to find pasture to keep them alive.

"Two days more of steaming night and day against the southeast trade winds and a rougher sea, with a severe drop in temperature, brought us to Sydney harbor about noon on Saturday, November 19. First we anchored at the mouth of the outer harbor with high sandstone cliffs on either side. Here we took on the pilot and steamed into the harbor and came to anchor until medical inspection was over. In every port at which we stopped we had to undergo medical inspection, because all passengers from Asiatic ports are under suspicion, as well they may be because of the prevalence of smallpox and cholera. While waiting for the doctor we had a good opportunity to see the harbor of Sydney, which is believed by many to be the most beautiful in the world. Personally I do not think it can be classed with Rio de Janeiro, Naples, New York, San Francisco, Seattle, or Hongkong. However, it is very attractive. It is rather long and narrow, perhaps a mile or two wide, surrounded by rounded hills of sandstone covered with suburban cottages, nearly all with red roofs, gardens and parks, green grass and trees, and the business section in full view.

"In this harbor about two weeks ago a ferry boat loaded with passengers was cut in two by a steamship and about sixty lives were lost. We passed near the spot where tugs and divers were at work trying to raise the wreck.

"At the wharf I was approached by three newspaper reporters for an interview which appeared in the papers the next day. Also mail was delivered--all from Rome--and I was much disappointed

that nothing came from home. I can only hope that I will have better luck at Melbourne.

"In my next I will write about Sydney. It is late and I must stop to pack up. I leave early tomorrow morning for Canberra, the new capital of Australia; then to Melbourne and back to Sydney in about a week to catch a boat for Wellington, capital of New Zealand. I will again return to Sydney in time to catch a boat leaving on December 21 for Batavia, Java, due to arrive there on January 8.

"Well, dearies, I'm sorry I can't be with you for Thanksgiving dinner tomorrow--or Christmas, or New Year. I hope you will all enjoy yourselves. I've worried a good deal about Christmas presents, which I have not bought or tried to send, mainly because of distance, time, it takes to get things delivered, and customs difficulties. Yesterday a happy thought struck me. If I were with you each would buy me a present of some kind. Instead, why not each of you buy yourself a present and consider it as coming from me? Think it over and you will see many advantages; it's one way of cheating distance, time, and pestiferous customs regulations.

"Good night all, with love and best wishes from

"Daddy."

(1927, Nov. Sidney.)

³⁰
E-2958

Thursday, 24 Nov., Sidney to Canberra^r; rained all night and most of the day, and cold. The hotel clerk did not call me at 6 a.m. as I had requested. Had breakfast in my room. I left at 7 a.m. for the railway station, wearing a raincoat. The route lay in a southerly direction and for the first fifteen or twenty miles was through the suburbs and outlying villages. Twenty-five miles out we were passing through a rolling country with rather high hills and deep ravines and covered with scrub brush and scattering eucalyptus trees. It was mostly a pasturage country with but few cows or horses visible. I saw a few wild roses. The houses were generally neat in appearance. Maize was coming up. Some patches of oats had been cut and were very poor. Garden potatoes were in bloom. Apparently less than five per cent of the land was in cultivation. Picton, 53 miles out was a rather picturesque spot on high ground with scattering gum trees. Mossvale, 88 miles out, was in a beautiful/^{rolling} country of high green pastures and eucalyptus and pine trees, but the soil looks very thin. Some of the country houses in this section were mere shacks. It was cold and to keep warm I wore my raincoat and took frequent calisthenic exercises. I saw many magpies and one rabbit, but only a few head of cattle or sheep. Looking over the landscape I would estimate less than one per cent in cultivation. At one of the smaller towns I saw a sign reading "Farms for sale, 2 to 7 acres, 8L per acre." This was unimproved land in scrub bushes and trees.

We reached Goulburn at noon and had fifteen minutes in which to get a sandwich and a cup of coffee. Not far from this town were some limestone hills that were being worked. At this point a branch line ~~run~~ runs to Canberra^r, the main line continuing on to Melbourne. Near this point I saw a large flock of sheep, perhaps a thousand. Also I saw some fruit trees, apparently cherries, plums, quinces, and apples. ~~Also I noted many evening primroses growing wild (oenothera) and in~~

(1927, Nov. Sidney to Canberra)

E--3059

Also I noted many evening primroses (oenothera) growing wild and in bloom. We gradually passed into a mountainous country with many groves of white barked eucalyptus trees and a small stream with a rocky bed. Most of the eucalyptus trees were much twisted. Most of the country was in pasture and very little of it in cultivation except for small patches of oats and garden vegetables about the scattering houses. . I ^{saw} ~~sw~~ one small patch of alfalfa. As we proceeded the soil seemed to be getting better, the sandstone hardpan not so close to the surface, and the color a deeper red.

At 2.15 p.m. we came to the ^{at} scattering village of Queanbeyan just outside of the District of Canberra^r. About five miles farther, on an undulating plateau several miles wide and long, with rounded knolbs nearby and mountains beyond, we came in sight of several villages wide apart. The train stopped at a little station standing alone in the prairie a mile from the nearest group of houses. This was the railway^a station of the new capital. Only one automobile was in sight and the driver helped the station master get my baggage off the train and into the automobile. We drove over a good road past the city square, the Commonwealth printing office, the shopping center-- a block of one story buildings with plate glass windows and standing isolated and alone on the prairie--and then past Secretariat No.1, the postoffice, the parliament building, Secretariat No.2, a few residential cottages, the Claridge Hotel in which members of parliament stay, and on^{to} ^{the} Canberra Hotel, which was operated and supported by the Commonwealth. The roads were good with wide spaces on either side and some attractive landscape gardening between the roads and the houses, flowers being in full bloom and very pretty. Altogether it is a beautiful landscape and one can see ^{th^a} ~~th^a~~ in time when the trees shall have grown larger and more houses and gardens have been constructed to fill in the vacant spaces, it will be a beautiful city.

(1927, Nov. Canberra).

E--~~4x 305x~~ 3060

constructed to fill in the vacant spaces, it will be a beautiful city. The hotel was painted white and had a central building with several extension buildings connected together by corridors and separated by flower gardens. I was given a small single room with bath in one of the wings, which with meals was to cost me \$7.50 a day. I immediately got into my heaviest winter clothing and felt better. My thermometer registered 56 degrees in the room. After a nap I had a moderately good supper.

(Mother, 24 November, Canberra, ~~yellow~~ folder)

"Canberra, Australia, 24 Nov. 1927.

"Dear Mother:

"Last night I wrote from Sydney to Wifey describing the voyage from Sandakan, British North Borneo. I reached Sydney last Saturday afternoon, November 17. Because it was Saturday everything was closed up tight except the hotels and a few drugstores (pharmacies). I went to the Australia Hotel, said to be the best in this country, but it would be regarded as a second rate hotel in almost any city in the United States.

"After getting settled I began to explore. In my wanderings I came to the Museum facing a large park. Here I spent an hour or more very agreeably. The Museum has very complete collections of mounted animals and birds of Australia, as well as of the weapons, clothing and cooking utensils of the Australian aborigines, including many hundreds of wooden boomerangs, spears, bows and arrows, darts and shields.

"Later I located the Art Gallery and the Botanical Garden, but it was too late to inspect them.

"After supper I walked the streets for miles and found it very dull. On my way back I passed the City Hall and saw from a sign outside that there was to be an organ recital. I went in just as the performance began. The hall was a large one, larger than most churches or theaters, and a great pipe organ, said to be one of the largest in the world, completely fills one end of the hall. The piece played was Verdi's 'Rigoletto,' which I enjoyed greatly. The audience was a small one. Evidently pipe organs and classical music cannot compete with picture shows and jazz.

"The next day, Sunday, I crossed the harbor in a ferry boat and inspected the Zoo. It is one of the best I have seen. The grounds are beautiful, with many flower beds and borders in full bloom. No-

vember here; south of the Equator--corresponds with May in Maryland. The collection of birds, monkeys, kangaroos, and antelope in this Zoo are the best I have seen. From the top of the hill in the Zoo one has a fine view of the harbor and a large part of the city.

"On the way back I inspected the Botanical Garden. It is not really a botanical garden, because the collection of trees and plant varieties is small, but as an ornamental park it is a great success. There are broad lawns, hillocks overlooking the harbor and shipping, some very fine trees, and many beautiful flower gardens with all the old familiar perennials and annuals in full bloom.

"In the afternoon I inspected the Art Gallery and greatly enjoyed the many beautiful paintings and some very good statuary.

"Then came the most interesting thing of all: A series of open air meetings on the lawns of Victoria Park a short distance from the Art Gallery. Each group consisted of from 20 to nearly 2,000 persons, evidently workmen and their wives, standing about and listening to soap box orators. The first group I approached was being harangued by an elderly man who looked as if he might be a small caliber lawyer or preacher. He assured his hearers that they were all slaves, that such a thing as liberty does not exist in Australia, and he specifically denounced a recent law to the effect that Australian males between certain ages are subject to conscription into the military service without their own consent, under penalty of being arrested and condemned to death as deserters if they do not obey the summons; that after being drafted into the service they can be sent abroad and stood up before the cannon of fellow laborers and shot to pieces for the profit and glory of capital; and that if they hid and tried to evade military service, and if wife, mother, sister, or child refused to disclose his whereabouts they

would be subject to arrest, fine and imprisonment.

"I found the second group being addressed on the subject of prohibition. The speaker was having rough going, because the audience was clearly out of sympathy with him and greeted each of his statements with jeers, asked many impertinent and embarrassing questions until he got badly confused.

"The third group, by far the largest, was being addressed by and I.W.W. (Industrial Workers of the World) speaker with the red flag of socialism flying behind him. He announced that the army of unemployed in Australia are out to take their rights, namely, minimum work, maximum wages, and freedom to do what they d_n please, without interference from police or military authorities--or anybody else, and that if their 'rights' are not handed to them on a silver platter with all due deference to their dignity, they propose to take them along with all the other good things of life to which they are entitled by virtue of the fact that they are men, spelled with a capital 'M,' as good as and a whole lot better than the puling, sniveling parasites and mollycoddles who by some sort of hocuspocus have wrongfully taken possession of these things. He paid his respects to policemen and government officials generally as being unmitigated nuisances, parasites and meddlers who under cloak of the law are always interfering with the inalienable rights of the unemployed.

"The next group surrounded a man on a soap box who was trying to tell them that all their troubles were due to the fact that there are in Australia thousands of miles of idle land and hundreds of thousands of idle men, and that the thing to do is to put the idle men on the idle land; but that this can never be done until the State puts such a heavy tax on the idle land that it will not be profitable to own it. This speaker had a lot of trouble with a half-drunken

individual who looked like a tramp and who persisted in trying to air his views, which were badly scrambled, at the same time. The speaker told him to go get a box and an audience of his own, that two men cannot stand in the same place and speak at the same time, etc., but the hobo was not amenable to reason. He subsided only when a big man in the audience took him by the nape of the neck and marched him out in the open and left him standing there with a very puzzled expression on his face, and the audience had a laugh at his expense.

"Then came a band of Salvation Army singers. Then a determined looking society woman, dressed in silk, with short skirts and very pretty stockings, and gold rimmed spectacles, addressing a small, very small, group of well dressed men who came with her on the subject of the philosophy of religion. Very esoteric, I assure you. Then a miscellaneous group singing hymns to the accompaniment of a wheezy little portable organ. Then an elderly man with a patriarchal beard, who looked as if he might be a college professor, and who seemed to be discussing the heinous designs of the Catholic priests in Australia. There were still other groups with speakers going strong, but it was very hot and by this time I was tired, and so retired.

"Monday, the 21st. I interviewed the American Consul and the American Trade Commissioner, from whom I learned much about the organization of the Australian government, its business depression, its prolonged drouth, its unemployment problem, and especially its labor and socialist problems, all of which stand in the way of normal development.

"Sydney is a city about the size of Baltimore with many fine modern buildings and good hotels. However, like Philadelphia and Boston, it has many narrow streets. On almost every corner is a saloon, and often one or more between, and they seem always to be full of men. The drinks are served by pretty barmaids. They are not al-

lowed to do business after 6 p'clock in the evening, Saturday afternoons, Sundays, or holidays. Barber shops are always in the rear of tobacco stands. American styles in clothing, cinemas, phonographs and records, seem to predominate. A large proportion of the men and women seen on the streets are obviously from the back country. The Australian men and women are somewhat larger than Americans, but to me not so good looking, although there are some fine specimens among the men. Vehicles on the street and pedestrians on the sidewalks are required to keep to the left. I did not succeed in finding a single good restaurant in the city, those I tried being ~~mostly~~ mere cubby holes with dirty linen, insolent waiters, and poorly cooked food. In all the menus there is a notable lack of fresh vegetables and fruit. Prices generally are much higher than in the States. All of which makes a visiting American realize that the people of the U.S. do not begin to appreciate their blessings.

"Tuesday and Wednesday I interviewed government officials by whom I was given a very cordial reception, dictated an interview on the world agricultural census for 'Country Life in Australia,' and was given a luncheon at the University where I met several very interesting professors who were able to tell me much about the topography, climate, soils, natural vegetation, and possibilities for future development of agriculture in Australia. These possibilities are not so great as most people suppose. Australia is as large as the United States, but ^{her} ~~the~~ entire population is not as great as that of New York City, and half the country, more than a million square miles, is a desert and always will remain a desert.

"I came to Canberra today and will go to Melbourne tomorrow night. Thence to Sydney, on to Wellington, New Zealand, return to Sydney, and thence to Java.

3060--f

"Sorry we could not all be together today for a nice Thanksgiving dinner. Well, let us hope that next year we shall be together and that you and we'uns will all be well and in good health and spirits.

"Love to you and all.

"Lee.

"P.S.--It's mighty curious that I get no letters from home.

I am hoping for better luck when I reach Melbourne.

(1927, Nov., Canberra).

E--3061

Friday, 25 November, Canberra; raining all night and forenoon, and cold, 54 degrees in room. After breakfast I asked the hotel clerk, a young woman, to tell me what government offices were established in Canberra, but she could give me no information. I walked half a mile to the parliament building and the doorkeeper said I would find the government statistician in Secretariat No.2. The Parliament House was made of brick and covered with plaster and painted white. It was modeled after a drygoods box without central dome, tower, or spire to set it off. It resembled a country high school more than anything else. The driveways about it were only half finished. Just back of it ^{was} ~~was~~ a rounded hill covered with picturesque groves of eucalyptus trees, and around the base of the hill were plantings of cedars and acacias that in time will look very attractive. In fact, for half a mile around trees had been planted in all directions and were doing well. Along the drives roses and other flowering shrubs had been planted and were then in full bloom. The general landscape is attractive with two or three dominating hills or small mountains covered with trees several miles distant from the buildings, with an undulating plain between.

About a quarter of a mile from the Parliament Building were the two office buildings for personnel which were known as Secretariats No.1 and No.2. I called at No.2 and met a young man in a corridor who said that Secretariat No.1 housed the Departments of Trade and Customs, Markets and Immigration, and the Post Office; No.2 the offices of the Attorney General, Prime Minister, Crown Solicitor, ~~Treas~~ Treasury, Home ^{and} Territories; and in the Kurrazong Hotel were the Departments of Auditing, Health, Defence, Works, Railways, and Public Service. He said the Commonwealth Statistician had his office in

(1927, Nov. Canberra).

E--3062

the Kurrazong Hotel, to which I walked through the rain and over a muddy road. There I could find no one who had ever heard of the Commonwealth Statistician. Disgusted and in bad humor I walked another half mile through the ~~same~~ rain and mud to Secretariat No.1. There I was assured there was no such animal as a statistician in the building. Next I called at the Office of ^{ar}Markets and Immigration where I was referred to Mr. L. E. Stevens, Chief Clerk of the Canberra office of the Statistical Department. He said that the main office of his department was still in Melbourne and that he had recently been transferred to be in charge of the Canberra branch office. He said that as agriculture is a primary industry it comes within the exclusive direction of the state governments and the Commonwealth government had nothing to do with it; that the Commonwealth parliament legislated only with respect to matters affecting the country as a whole, such as customs, postoffice, interstate railways, exports, defence, and the like; and he gave me a very clear description of the Commonwealth governmental organization, with rather heartfelt mention of the inconvenience and financial loss experienced by government officials and employees who were required to move from metropolitan Melbourne to the pioneer village of Canberra.

I returned to the hotel through the rain and mud and started to write up my notes when a reporter from the local paper came in for an interview. I explained the world census project and its value, and also drew a comparison between the Federal District of Columbia in the United States and the Federal District of Canberra in Australia, for which the reporter seemed very grateful.

After luncheon I started out to take some snap shot pictures, but was soon caught in a succession of showers and gave it up. At the hotel reading bulletins.

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(1927, Nov., Canbera.)

E--3063

At noon I asked the hotel clerk to engage a sleeper and to have a taxie at the hotel in time to take me to the station for the 8.20 p.m. train for Melbourne. Before supper I repeated my request and was assured that everything was attended to. After supper ~~and~~^g asked that my baggage be brought to the front, paid my bill and asked for the taxie. No taxie could be found and I nearly had nervous prostration waiting for one as time elapsed. I called for the hotel manager and explained my plight. He directed the hotel clerk to telephone a number of people in the district in an effort to obtain transportation for me to the railway station, which was a mile and a half across the prairie from the hotel. It was dark outside. The manager and myself sat outside watching for an unoccupied car to drive up. At last one came and we left the hotel at 8.20 p.m., exactly train time. The driver tried to console me by saying that sometimes the train ~~was~~^a a few minutes late in starting. We sped ~~across~~ along the deserted road to the station just in time to see the tail lights of the train rounding ~~a~~curve. The driver suggested the possibility that we might catch the train at Queanbeyan. Again we sped over the deserted road in the darkness and again we saw the tail light of the departing train. I settled with the driver and sat on my baggage to await the next train for Gold^uburn, the junction with the main line. I had a glass of beer, bought a pint bottle of whiskey, and smoked. Talked with an employe of the railway ~~who was~~^{was} on duty who said that Queanbeyan was growing rapidly because spirituous liquors could be sold freely whereas just across the line in the Canbera^r district was strict prohibition. The result ~~was~~ that no one would live in Canbera^r except under compulsion.

In about an hour I boarded a local train and at Gold^uburn transferred to the train for Melbourne. I could ~~get~~^{get} no sleeper reserva-

At noon I asked the hotel clerk to engage a sleeper and to have a taxi at the hotel in time to take me to the station for the 8.30 p.m. train for Melbourne. Before supper I repeated my request and was assured that everything was attended to. After supper and asked that my baggage be brought to the front, paid my bill and asked for the taxi. No taxi could be found and I nearly had nervous prostration waiting for one as time elapsed. I called for the hotel manager and explained my plight. He directed the hotel clerk to telephone a number of people in the district in an effort to obtain transportation for me to the railway station, which was a mile and a half across the prairie from the hotel. It was dark outside. The manager and myself sat outside watching for an unoccupied car to drive up. At last one came and we left the hotel at 8.30 p.m. exactly train time. The driver tried to console me by saying that some times the train was a few minutes late in starting. We sped ~~across~~ along the deserted road to the station just in time to see the tail lights of the train rounding a curve. The driver suggested the possibility that we might catch the train at Queanbeyan. Again we sped over the deserted road in the darkness and again we saw the tail light of the departing train. I settled with the driver and sat on my baggage to await the next train for Goldbourn, the junction with the main line. I had a glass of beer, bought a pint bottle of whiskey, and smoked. Talked with an employee of the railway who was on duty who said that Queanbeyan was growing rapidly because agricultural products could be sold freely whereas just across the line in the Canberra district was strict prohibition. The result was that no one would live in Canberra except under compulsion.

In about an hour I boarded a local train and at Goldbourn transferred to the train for Melbourne. I could not sleep reserve-

(1927, Nov., En route Melbourne.)

R--3064

tion. The train was crowded and the best I could do was to find a seat in a crowded smoking compartment of a second class coach, which had no toilet facilities and no connection with other parts of the same coach or other coaches. It was simply a box with hard wooden benches. I sat up all night with three companions in a narrow space. A drunken hobo sat next to me who kept falling over on my ^{and} shoulder/from time to time I had to thrust my elbow into his side to keep him away. It got clear enough to see a little by 3 a.m.

Saturday, 26 November, en route Melbourne; partly cloudy and very cold. At 6 a.m. we were at Wagga, after traveling for half an hour through a section with dark red loam soil and excellent crops of wheat that were being harvested; also vineyards, and some fine cattle and sheep. This continued to Albury reached at 8 a.m., where we had twenty minutes for breakfast--eggs and bacon swimming in grease. Beyond Albury the country became rather flat and the soil seemed to thin out. There were large areas covered with the stumps and trunks of dead trees. The small towns had small wooden cottages, much like American towns. Most of them had metal roofs. The soil looked poor all the rest of the way to Melbourne, much of it cutover land with black stumps, some of it with naked, spectre-~~li~~ like trees, with a short, nearly white wiry looking grass that was probably unfit for grazing. Very little of the land was in cultivation. The train went many miles through a perfectly flat plain covered with stumps and dead trees, with a hard white looking ground and very few houses or cattle. Near Melbourne white limestone crops out in places.

We reached Melbourne at 2 p.m. It seemed to be a large city spread over a number of hills. Its wide streets, large ornamental public buildings and business houses, reminded me of Washington. ~~I went to the Windsor Hotel and obtained a good room and bath~~

(1927, Nov. Melbourne.)

E--3065

ington, I went to the Windsor Hotel and obtained a good room and bath for eighteen shillins a day, about \$4.50, including breakfast.

After getting settled I went out for a walk and took pictures of the Parlaiment Building and of another large building with a dome in a park. Saw two young couples lying on the grass playing with each other and quite oblivious to passing pedestrians--which was a refreshing sight. Within a block of this park I passed a square of rather decrepit houses with women ~~sind~~ standing at the doors or sitting just inside and inviting passing men to enter. All of them were most unprepossing in appearance. I stepped into a bar room of a small hotel and it was so crowded there was no more standing room.

At the hotel I had a long nap. At 7.30 p.m. I had a nice supper with half a bottle of wine, and felt better. I sat in the lounge for awhile and ^{was} amused at an altercation between two Germans and their wives, and a waiter. The waiter talked back in a most impudent manner. After a smoke I took a turn down the street and saw a number of rawboned, long-legged, angular females soliciting men without much apparent success. Aside from these predatory females there was nothing of interest to be seen on the streets near the hotel at night, so I returned and retired early.

Sunday, 27 November, Melbourne; a bright, clear, fine day. Had a good night's sleep, a bath, and breakfast. Visited the Botanical ^g garden about two miles from the ~~Parlaiment~~ House and the hotel. I wandered about the beautiful grounds and took many pictures. A small river runs by the garden with an ornamental arched bridge across it. The garden seemed to contain about 100 acres and is in the form of a great basin sloping and opening toward the river. It has artificial lakes, islands, and pond lilies, a slope of grass and tree covered hills, beautiful stretches of lawn and flowers,

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(1927, Nov., Melbourne.)

E--3066.

and a magnificent collection of native and foreign trees and shrubs, all neatly labelled with their scientific and common names and country or region of origin. The sun was shining brightly, a cool breeze was blowing, and the trees and shrubs were full of birds that sang and played about. Altogether it was one of the most attractive botanical gardens I have ever seen.

After luncheon I visited the Museum and Art Gallery. In the museum were interesting exhibits illustrating the life of the aborigines. The art gallery was not nearly so pleasing as the one at Sydney. One of the most interesting paintings was by an Italian of the Roman Forum as it appeared in his day, nearly three hundred years ago.

(Wife, 27 Nov., Melbourne, yellow folder.)

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years ago.

(Wife, 27 Nov., Melbourne, Yellow folder.)

"Melbourne, Australia, 27 November 1927.

"Dear Mommie and Niñas:

"My last letter was written to Mother from Canberra, the new capital of Australia, dated November 24, and related to Sydney. I left Sydney at an early hour Thursday, November 24. It rained the night before and all day, something badly needed in this drouth stricken country, but it was very disagreeable because it involved a drop in temperature of about 50 degrees, so that the first thing I did on arriving at Canberra was to change to my heaviest winter clothing, made necessary by the fact that the hotel had no heat and the thermometer registered a little above 50 degrees. Dressed in my heaviest clothing and wrapped in my steamer rug I wrote a letter to Mother regarding Sydney, had supper in the public dining room, just about enough to feed a canary bird, and went to bed early to get warm. And this is summer in Australia.

"Friday, November 25. Still raining, a slow drizzle, cold and gloomy. Canberra is very new, the Commonwealth Parlaiment was inaugurated less than three months ago, and I could find no one who knew just which offices and officials have been transferred from Melbourne to the new capital. I was in search of the Minister of Agriculture and the Commonwealth Statistician. I first walked half a mile through the rain and mud to the new Parlaiment Building, which is made of brick and white stucco and looks like a giant drygoods box. Here I was referred to Secretariat No.2, another white stucco brick building, a quarter of a mile away. There I was referred to the Hotel Kurajong, another quarter of a mile distant. There the hotel clerk informed me there is no such thing as a Department of Agriculture or Statistician's office in Canberra, but advised that I had better inquire at Secretariat No.1. So I again plodded through

the rain and mud for another quarter of a mile to Secretariat No.1, where I found a lone and much discouraged clerk in charge of the office of the Department of Marketing and Migration, who also informed me that there is no Ministry of Agriculture, but there is a Commonwealth Statistician who has his office at Melbourne. Thus ended my official mission at Canberra. Upon returning to the hotel I found a newspaper reporter camping out on my trail and gave him a story about the census project, the International Institute of Agriculture, and drew an interesting parallel between Washington and Canberra.

"Canberra is the compromise capital of Australia, the State of New South Wales, of which Sydney is the capital, refusing to come into the Commonwealth federation unless the capital were located in its territory; ^{is} situated in a federal district ten miles square, in southeastern New South Wales, patterned after the City of Washington, planned by an American landscape architect in open competition, in a beautiful stretch of open country between low rounded hills and mountains, and is about 2,000 feet above sea level. At present it consists of a temporary Parliament Building, two secretariat buildings for public offices, one hotel, one little railway station a mile from nowhere, one block of one-story stores--the business section--standing isolated on the open prairie half a mile from the nearest building, and three residence villages about two miles apart that are expected to grow and spread until they coalesce, with a few good roads, sidewalks only partly paved, and an abundance of newly planted trees, ornamental shrubs, and flower gardens. Sometime it will be a beautiful city, but at present it is much like a quiet mountain resort, rest retreat or sanitarium for weary or woozy legislators. The public employees who have been compelled to change their residence from the beautiful city of Melbourne for this back-country retreat are eating their hearts out with ennui. I took a few photographs of the build-

ings and landscape gardens in the rain but as yet do not know with what result.

"It was so cold, so intolerably dull, and so disagreeable that I wanted to get away as soon as possible. By telephone I engaged a sleeper reservation for the through train to Melbourne at 8.20 p.m. Three or four times during the afternoon and evening I reminded the hotel clerk and telephone operator that I was to leave in the evening and that I wished a conveyance at the hotel door at 7.45 sharp to take me and my baggage to the railway station. They were indifferent until I began to get sarcastic and got the proprietor, general manager and majordomo interested. They succeeded in getting an automobile to the door just fifteen minutes after the train left. I took it, however, on the chance of catching the train at the next station. So we raced through the night over slippery roads and reached the station just in time to see the tail end of the train disappear around the bend. So I lost my sleeper reservation, five dollars for the auto ride, ^{had a long wait,} took the next train out, changed cars three times, and sat up all night with a drunken hobo leaning heavily on my shoulders, except when I got too exasperated and punched him over. Pray God he did not have bugs on him, because if he did they had a fine chance to migrate. We changed cars the last time at the New South Wales-Victoria boundary because of change in rail gauge. I was told that the new train would have a dining car, but it didn't, so I went without breakfast; likewise luncheon, because we did not arrive in Melbourne until 2 p.m. and luncheons are not served after that hour. Anyhow, I made up for it at dinner in the evening.

The trip from Sydney to Melbourne, about 600 miles, is through a rolling, mountainous, rocky, semiarid country, which once was entirely covered with a growth of eucalyptus trees, but of which about half has been wholly or partially cleared. Much of the cleared area

is covered with blackened stumps, or dead naked trees that were girdled, died, and left standing and now give the landscape a most desolate appearance. The soil is generally very thin and poor, with solid sandstone rock underneath close to the surface. Most of the country is rather poor pasture, with small herds of cattle and dairy cows and large herds of small sheep. Only a few relatively small areas are planted to oats or wheat, now being harvested, and both crops look medium to poor. The straw is very short, stand poor in many places, and average production will probably be for oats about twenty bushels per acre, and for wheat about twelve bushels. Also in a few places I saw some small vineyards and orchards. On the whole it looks to me like a mighty poor agricultural country, although this region is said to be among the best in Australia. As a matter of fact two-thirds of Australia is semidesert, and the other third is subject to prolonged drouths that make agriculture and livestock raising very precarious. Although Australia is as large as the United States it can never become anything like as rich and important. The present population is less than six million, and the best expert opinion is to the effect that it can never support more than twenty million.

"We reached Melbourne Saturday afternoon and therefore I could not go to the American Consulate and get the mail that must be waiting for me, or do anything else but get settled in the hotel and explore a park nearby.

"Today, Sunday, November 27. At the breakfast table I ascertained that newspapers are not allowed to be sold or street cars to be run on Sundays, everything being shut up tight except the churches, which are said to be poorly attended, as they deserve to be. Shades of my Puritanical ancestors--Australia is where the U.S. was fifty years ago in the backwoods districts when sinful church members expected to have their sins forgiven and get to heaven by preventing other people from

leading normal lives on Sunday.

"In the forenoon I visited the Botanical Garden, some two miles from the House of Parliament and my hotel, which is just opposite. This is the most attractive botanical garden I have ever seen, with the single exception of the Kew Gardens at London. It is situated in a hollow between high hills facing a small stream and the great city on the other side. In the lower part are several small lakes and ponds full of aquatic plants and water fowl, and on the hill sides are beautiful lawns and all the different kinds of trees, shrubs, and flowering plants that will grow in this climate, and all with labels showing the common name, the scientific name, and the place or country of origin. The sun was shining brightly, the breeze was cool and bracing--about like October weather in Maryland, the plants were in full bloom, and the park was full of singing birds. I spent two hours here very agreeably and then walked the two miles back to the hotel, most of the distance through a beautiful park.

"In the afternoon I visited the Museum and the Art Gallery, where I saw some fine paintings and very good collections of minerals, geological specimens and fossils, many mounted birds and animals, and the weapons, clothing, canoes, fishing tackle, and cooking utensils of the aborigines.

"Melbourne has broad streets, extensive parks, large modern buildings, and more nearly resembles Washington than any other city I have seen.

"Well, dearies, here's hoping I shall get a letter from each and all of you tomorrow telling me all about 1026 and what you did during vacation, and how you got along at school, and whether you have been out to Sunny Hill, and the news of the Sunny Hill neighborhood, and how the wonderful, much longed-for and dreamed-of bicycle has

behaved, and whether Otis has a sweetheart, and how many and what's the name of the last one Thelma has, and how are the Jenkinses, and Mrs. Johnston, and Miss Abbey, and how's the wireless, and does Otis still dote on dolls and little glass cats and dogs, and has he learned how to swim yet, and did he keep his promise not to ask for anything more this year after getting the dearly beloved and absolutely necessary bicycle, and what's Mommie doing--is she growing shorter while the Niñas steadily grow taller, like beanstalks in hot weather, and how are the pajaros--pobre Rosita--You see there are so many things I think about you and 1026 and Sunny Hill--and only one letter from each of you has come through since I left Washington, and that was a long time ago.

"Well, good night, with love and kisses for all, from

"Daddy Lee."

Monday, 28 November, Melbourne; clear, hot in the sun, cool in the shade. Sat up until midnight drafting report to the Institute and writing letter to wife. After breakfast I went to Cook's office and purchased a return ticket to Sydney. Then walked across to the American Consulate and met the Consul General, Mr. Arthur Garrels, the ~~Vice~~ Consul, Mr. Robinson, and the Vice-Consul, Mr. Moran. Found a number of letters awaiting me. All three spoke highly of the statistical service of the Commonwealth, but disparaged the soil, the climate, and the possibilities of any increase in population or agricultural production.

I had some difficulty in finding the office building of the Commonwealth Bureau of the Census and Statistics. I found it in the rear of the postoffice on a side street. There I spent an hour or more with the Commonwealth Statistician, Mr. Charles H. Wickens, who was cordial and assured me of full cooperation in the proposed world census of ^{of} Agriculture in 1930. He outlined the history, organization and work of his bureau.

At the hotel I opened my mail, most of it dated the first week in August. I next called on the American Trade Commissioner, Mr. Pauley, who made an appointment for me by telephone with the Vice Director of Agriculture and with the chief executive officer of the Council for Scientific Research. Mr. Pauley impressed me as being indiscreet and overconfident. Before I left he asked me to write a letter to his chief of bureau in Washington commending him for his valuable service.

I walked back to the hotel through the business section, which was much like similar sections in ^{as} Washington or Baltimore. Writing letters in the afternoon and evening.

(1927, Nov. Melbourne.)

E--3068

Tuesday, 29 November, Melbourne; bright, clear day. After breakfast I sat in the park for awhile. The locusts in the trees made the air quiver with their singing. By appointment I called at the Victoria State Department of Agriculture and had a two hour interview with the ^{ac}ating director, Mr. Crome, an elderly gentleman who talked in an exasperating oratorical manner and whom it seemed impossible to pin down to a consideration of my repeated questions regarding the history, organization, and work of his department. However, he did finally produce a chart of organization, and also described the Patterson plan for maintaining the price of dairy products. According to his description it was a voluntary association of dairy-men through~~the~~^{produced} out the Commonwealth who agreed to tax every pound of butter [^]three cents and to pay a bonus of six cents on every pound of butter that ~~was~~^a exported, on the theory that fifty percent of all butter would be exported. The scheme went into effect at the beginning of 1926 and proved highly satisfactory to the dairy interests because the price of butter in domestic consumption immediately advanced six cents a pound and the butter exported sold at the world market ~~p~~ price plus the bonus of six cents. About 65,000 tons of butter were exported in 1926, which was less than half the total production, so that at the end of the year there was a surplus of about \$2,500,000 in the treasury of the association to be returned to the members.

In the afternoon I ^acalled at the headquarters of the Council for Scientific and Industrial Research and ^ahad an interview with its Executive Officer, Prof. A.C.D. Rivett, a medium sized bald headed young man. He said the aims of the Council were mainly to initiate and to coordinate scientific research in connection with or for the promotion of primary or secondary industries in the Commonwealth.

(1927, Nov. Melbourne.)

E--3069

He explained that the Council was authorized only in 1926 and was just getting organized and established.

After this interview I called at Cook's and was told that my railway and steamer transportation tickets were not ready and that I would have to call again the following day. I spent the rest of the day at the hotel writing letters and a report. These included

(Longobardi, 29 Nov. Melbourne, yellow folder). *omit*

(Dragoni, same

a letter to the Chief of the Bureau of Agricultural Economics at Washington and another to Mr. Longobardi, my assistant at Rome, regarding the state of travel funds; and a detailed report on Australia of nine closely typed pages to the Secretary General of the Institute at Rome, a copy of which was also sent to the Washington office.

(1927, Nov. Melbourne.)

E--3070

Wednesday, 30 November, Melbourne; clear with hot wind from north. At 11 a.m. I got my rail and steamer tickets to Sydney and Wellington. Returning to the hotel I packed up and started to write up my expense account. In the afternoon I walked out into the park for a few minutes, but the heat was excessive and the sound of the locusts maddening. I went to the railway station at 4.20. There I had to walk about a city block across the station yard to find the station master and exhibit my ticket and to get a certificate that I was a tourist which would entitle me to the privilege of carrying extra baggage. The employes at the station were so inattentive and inefficient that it took a full half hour to get my baggage checked. The train, badly crowded, left at 5 p.m. At 6 o'clock I got a very unsatisfactory supper on the dining car. There was a long line of passengers waiting to get into the dining car ~~long~~ after 8 p.m., so completely blocking the corridor that I could not get through to the end platform for a smoke. Had a companion in the small sleeping compartment, which was not very agreeable. Retired at 10.30 p.m.

Thursday, 1 December, Sydney; clear and pleasant. At 7.30 a.m. the train stopped at a small station to give passengers an opportunity to breakfast. Because of the rains the country looked much greener than it did the week before. I caught sight of three or four rabbits in one ~~field~~ pasture. In several interviews I had inquired about the rabbit pest and was told that the hunting of rabbits for their skins had been so extensive and intensive that they were becoming scarce except in remote districts.

We reached Sydney at 10.30 a.m. and went to the Australia Hotel. The newspapers spoke of heavy losses of sheep because of the cold weather of the previous week coming so soon after shearing.

(1927, Dec. Sidney).

E--3071

Also they were full of a strike that threatened to tie up all shipping. I went immediately to Cook's and ascertained that the S.S. Maungⁿⁱ~~auot~~ on which I had engaged passage ~~to sail~~ would sail the following day. I also asked for a reservation on the S.S. Houtman leaving December 21 for Batavia. Sent a cable message to Rome asking that \$2,000 be sent to Wellington.

On the street I met Mr. Stapleton of the American Consulate. In the lift (elevator) ~~and~~ of the hotel I met Mr. McCall who was a fellow passenger from Manila. At his earnest invitation I accompanied him to his room and spent an hour in conversation with him and his wife. Then wrote some letters.

(Mother, 1 Dec. Sidney[✓], yellow folder).

(John J. Hamilton — same ^{and}

(Dr. Franklin Mann — same "

(Dr. Pearson ✓ same

(Dragoni — in same "

"Sydney, Australia, 1 December 1927.

"Dear Mother:

"My last letter was to Wifey and children written Sunday, November 27, at Melbourne. At last the veil is lifted and the long silence broken. When I called on the American Consul last Monday morning I found a nice batch of letters, including your three letters of August 28 and 29 and September 3, and one from Sister Nellie (carbon copy) of August 20, with statement of farm account March to July, inclusive. You cannot appreciate how I long for these letters and news from home.

"Monday I had interviews with the American Consul General and the American Trade Commissioner. Later I visited the office of the Commonwealth Statistician, who explained the organization, work, and history of his office and promised full cooperation in the world census of agriculture in 1930.

"Tuesday I interviewed the Deputy Director of Agriculture and the Chief Executive Officer of the Council for Scientific and Industrial Research, who also promised cooperation and explained the work, organization and history of their bureaus.

"Wednesday I wrote a section of my report to the International Institute of Agriculture and some pressing official letters. Late in the afternoon I took the express train for Sydney, arriving this forenoon. Have been busy all day arranging for transportation and funds, and finishing reports and writing letters--not such a hardship and aggravation now that I have a new typewriter. The old one was about as pleasant to operate as trying to walk and being tripped up every few steps.

"I think I mentioned in a former letter how cold it was last week. Today's papers are full of accounts of heavy losses of sheep from the cold, partly because they had been newly shorn and the cold

was unprecedented for this time of year. Three days in Melbourne were lovely, but yesterday the heat came again, away up in the nineties.

"The train service here is not exactly as good as in the States. Especially I don't like to be put into a small compartment with a complete stranger, and that is the custom. The dried up country between Melbourne and Sydney had greened up a little from the rain of last week, but on the whole it is a mighty poor farming country. The Australians are mostly a big people, several sizes larger than Europeans or Americans. The men are fine looking giants, but great height and angularity detract much from feminine charms. When I see these tall women with such long, straight up and down legs, and many of them with prominent noses, I am reminded of kangaroos.

"Hurrah! Today I actually saw a real live rabbit, the only one visible in the open on the six hundred mile trip down and back. All my life I have read of the rabbit pest in Australia, how the fields were fenced with chicken wire to keep them out, how a cross country wire netting fence a thousand miles long was built to keep ~~thm~~ them from crossing from one region to another, and how the State governments offered rewards for their control or extermination. I had begun to think that all the publicity about rabbits was a legend or a myth, but no, I actually ~~sw~~ saw one live rabbit. I have asked many Australians about the rabbits, and they all agree that formerly they were a great pest, but they have been hunted so systematically that they are becoming scarce. One reason for that is that their skins have a market value of about a tuppence (about four American cents) each. One man told me that his nephew on vacation visited relatives in the country and he trapped 800 in less than a month.

"The kangaroos and wallabies (which are small kangaroos) have also been thinned out and can be seen only in the back country. The native blacks, about the lowest order of human on the face of the earth, are rapidly dying off, and their going will not be lamented. They build no houses or huts, but live in the open, and until the white man came wore no clothing and did not cook their food. Their ability to track men or animals through the bush is said to be marvelous and equal to that of the best hounds. I am told that the boomerang is not a weapon at all, but simply a plaything with which the blacks amused themselves. At the Museum in Melbourne I saw some beautiful spear and arrow heads made from glass bottles and insulators. After the white men came and made glass available, especially in the form of discarded beer bottles, the natives prefer glass to flint and other hard stones. The mystery to me is how they can chip bottle glass into a beautifully sharp pointed arrow head without breaking it in the process.

"In Australia everything moves to the left. In Melbourne the sidewalks are divided in the middle by a white line, like some of our automobile roads, and pedestrians are required to keep to the left of the line.

"In Melbourne I had explained to me the so-called Patterson scheme for raising the price of butter. The producers formed a country-wide association and agreed to tax every pound of butter produced a "penny-ha'penny" a pound (about three cents) to form a fund out of which to pay a bonus of 'thrippence' (about six cents) on every pound exported, on the theory that half the butter produced would be exported and that the income from the tax would just pay the bonus. The immediate effect of this system was to raise the price of butter to domestic consumers six cents a pound to equal the export price of butter.

As a matter of fact considerably less than half the production was exported so that the bonus fund was more than sufficient and the end of the year found the association with a surplus of about \$2,500,000, which was returned to the producers.

"I should like to stay here about six months to study all the different schemes that have been tried out to raise the standard of living, improve the workingman's situation, and ameliorate the farmer's lot, all with the idea of making Australia a sort of Utopia of the Antipodes. Some of these socialistic schemes have resulted in benefit, but most of them have failed.

"I sail tomorrow for Wellington, New Zealand, which is entirely separate and independent of Australia. On the 21st will sail for Java, arriving there January 8, and then points beyond.

"Love to all.

"Lee."

3071--e

"Sydney, Australia, 1 December 1927.

"Dr. R.A. Pearson,
"President,
"University of Maryland,
"College Park, Md.

Dear Dr. Pearson:

"Much to my surprise and pleasure I received your letter of August 9 at Melbourne this week, it having been forwarded from the Rome office. I, too, am sorry we did not get together when I was in Washington last April; but my stay was short and very busy, and included one delightful week at Sunny Hill Farm near Frederick. You ask if I am looking forward to returning there? That, next to wife and children, has perhaps been the strongest pull among all my varied interests, and I think about it almost daily.

"So far I have the promise of cooperation in the census project of all countries visited. Since April this includes all countries of North America, West Indies, Panama, Hawaii, Japan, Korea, north and south China, Formosa, Indo-China, Philippines, N. Borneo, and now Australia. I leave tomorrow for New Zealand, and then Java, Straits Settlements, Siam, India, and so on around.

"I am learning something new each day about ^{the} geography, agriculture, standard of living and psychology of different lands and peoples, but the pity of it is that I am so pressed for time that I can simply glimpse these things. Some one from the Land of Unkle Psalm ought to spend at least six months here and study the various experiments and expedients that have been tried, without much success, to ameliorate the situation of the farmer and the laborer and to establish a sort of Utopia of the Antipodes.

"With best regards and holiday greetings, I am

Sincerely,

"Leon M. Estabrook."

(1927, Dec. Sidney).

E--3072

Friday, 2 Decembe , Sydney. After breakfast packed up and revised letters and mailed them. After luncheon talked with Mrs. McCall for awhile. I left the hotel at 1.30 p.m. and was transferred to the S.S. Maungani bound for London via New Zealand. I was assigned to a large cabin with another occupant. Shortly thereafter many passengers came aboard. The ship was a large one and the corridors and stairways were so intricate that it was hard to find one's way about. The ^{ship} ~~boat~~ got under way at 4 p.m. and in an hour had passed out of the harbor into the open sea in the teeth of a howling gale and pounding waves that dashed over the high decks. I began reading a volume of short stories by O'Henry which were very amusing. Realizing that I was thirsty I hunted up the diminutive bar and had a glass of beer. After supper I sat in the smoking room on the upper deck reading for several hours, and entirely alone.

Saturday, 3 December, en route Wellington; sunshine, north wind, raging sea, and air full of spray. The wind shrieked and howled and was so strong that one could hardly stand against it. As the hours passed the wind, the noise, the spray, and the pitching of the ship became tiresome. Finished reading "The Coming of Amos" by Locke, and began "Travel in New Zealand" by James Cowan. My cabin was shared with Prof. Lenn M. Ellis, the Forester of New Zealand. He said that millions of trees were being planted by the New Zealand government and by private companies. Most of the day I spent reading in the smoking room.

Sunday, 4 December, en route New Zealand; cloudy, cold, a wild wind and a savage sea. Had to wear my raincoat to be comfortable in the smoking room. Finished reading a description of New Zealand

(1927, Dec. en route New Zealand).

E--3073

to the effect that it is a mountainous well wooded country, with numerous lakes and small streams, and innumerable hot springs. Began reading the "New Zealand Yearbook." It contained a description of the country and such statistics as were extant regarding it. One item caught my eye, to the effect that 20 per cent of all births in New Zealand were either illegitimate or occurred within seven months after marriage. Many of the passengers who had been confined to their beds appeared in the dining room for the first time. The wind had been strong^{er}, and the waves more turbulent than any I had seen since the voyage between Alexandria and Brindisi. This voyage was anything but enjoyable, partly because of the gale, the incessant pounding of the waves and noise, and partly because the passengers were confined to their cabins or were so unhappy as to be unsociable, and also partly because outside neither fish nor fowl nor any other sign of life could be seen. All I could do was to sleep, eat, smoke, read, and occasionally sip a whiskey and soda.

Monday, 5 December, en route Wellington; clear, wind and sea calmer, but rather cool. I dug up a lot of interesting information about New Zealand in the Yearbook. For lighter reading I read a volume of "English Fairy Tales," and Wallace's "Sanders." Decided that this was unquestionably the gloomiest and dullest voyage I had yet taken. We came in sight of the New Zealand coast at sunset--simply a blue haze in the east.

Tuesday, 6 December, Wellington; a cloudy, cold, windy, blustery day. There was a heavy sea in the straight with spray flying through the air in the early morning. Black clouds hung like a pall over the land. We docked at 9 a.m. and it took nearly an hour to pass through customs, after which I went to the Midland Hotel. The harbor

(1927, Dec. Wellington)

E--3074

is large and land locked by islands. The main portion of the city is built on a narrow strip of land along the water front, whereas the business section and residences are built up the slopes of the surrounding hills. The hills were green with grass and scattering trees and shrubs. I walked to the hotel and was given a small single room. No rooms with baths were available. While waiting for my baggage I called up Cook's agency and found that my cable credit from Rome had been received. On the street I found some Manila cigars that sold for seven and a half cents apiece, the kind one can buy in the United States for one to two cents. At Cook's I learned that New Zealand had its own brand of the pound sterling so that it was necessary to exchange my Australian money for New Zealand money, and pay for the privilege. I also engaged passage on the boat leaving for Sydney the next Friday. I had a strong feeling that I wanted to get away from New Zealand with the least possible delay.

Returning to the hotel, changed clothes, made up laundry, wrapped up some books to mail home, took a short walk, had luncheon in the hotel and sat for awhile in the lounge where there was a cheery open fire. Then walked to the postoffice and later to the American Consulate. It was deserted at 2.25 p.m. I continued my walk to a museum where I inspected some excellent exhibits pertaining to New Zealand.

On the way back to the hotel and stopped again at the Consulate and met the Consul General, Mr. Lowrie, who said he had been Secretary of Legation at Rio de Janeiro and Consul successively at Lisbon, in Germany, in Austria, and at Athens, before coming to Wellington. He had one of his clerks arrange for appointments the following day. I found one letter from home at the Consulate.

Supper at the hotel was rather disappointing. The waitress was so excessively dignified as to be depressing, and there were

(1927, Dec. Wellington).

E--3075.

long and exasperating waits between services. After supper I went to the lounge where exceptionally black, thick, and bitter coffee was served. Then I walked for about a mile and back along the main street without seeing a sign of any place of amusement. There were more policemen than people on the street.

Wednesday, 7 December, Wellington; partly cloudy and warmer. I walked to the Office of Census and Statistics and met the Government Statistician, Mr. Malcom O. Fraser. He was a small middle aged gentleman and very courteous. He had an early appointment and was so frequently interrupted by the telephone that we decided to postpone the interview until the next day. He gave me a copy of the last questionnaire book used by the police in collecting data. I returned to Cook's office and purchased travellers checks.

After luncheon I called at the office of the Director of Agriculture and met the Acting Director, Mr. F.S. Pope, who at once assured me that his government would cooperate in the world census. However, he wished to discuss in detail the proposed census, and to save time he suggested that Mr. Fraser join us, which he did almost immediately. He brought with him a draft of a letter that had been prepared to send to the Institute regarding the census, and we discussed and reached a satisfactory agreement regarding the points raised in that letter..

On the way back to the hotel I stopped to have the hands of my watch adjusted. For some months they had regularly stopped at 6.30 which was often misleading and caused embarrassment unless I remembered to move the hands by each other at the exact time. Purchased a copy of Prof. Taylor's "Environment and Race."

Thursday, 8 December, Wellington; bright, very windy, and cold, 50 degrees in my room. After breakfast I took a rapid walk to get

(1927, Dec. Wellington).

E-4076

warm. At 10.30 a.m. I called on Mr. Pope and had a long talk concerning the organization of his department and agriculture in New Zealand. ^PTheⁿ I rode on a ~~trans~~ tram car out to the Botanical Garden. It is situated in a narrow valley behind a hill that runs parallel with the city and harbor. It is really not much of a botanical garden in the usual sense because there are so few planted specimens, but would be more correctly described as a natural park, because the native vegetation is preserved in it by fence^s and caretakers. It is especially interesting for that very reason. Most of the area is covered with large native pine and cedar trees with a thick undergrowth of smaller trees and shrubs, most of them covered with fine parasitic plants. Almost every foot of ground was covered with ferns of some sort, including many beautiful palm ferns. Paths and roads had been constructed through this little bit of wilderness, but the slopes are steep and climbing is difficult in places. Near the entrance at the foot of the hill were some ornamental plantings of roses, perennials and annuals, that were very attractive. From the top of the hill one has a fine view of Wellington ^{and} ~~nd~~ the great harbor before it, and through a gap in the hills one catches a glimpse of the ocean outside. It was very pleasant in the sunshine and in sheltered spots but quite cool in the shade.

At the supper table I requested a change of position because of a cold draft. My new table companions seemed to regard my advent in their midst as an intrusion and were anything but friendly. After supper I took a long walk and returned disgusted. There was no theater, no music hall, no dancing, no amusement, no diversion, and no people on the street looking as if they had enjoyed themselves. It was as dull on the streets as on those of any Latin American city or town where everything is closed up after dark. Although Wellington had a population of 100,000 there was less

warm. At 10.30 a.m. I called on Mr. Pope and had a long talk concerning the organization of his department and agriculture in New Zealand. The I rode on a kama as far as out to the botanical garden. It is situated in a narrow valley behind a hill that runs parallel with the city and harbor. It is really not much of a botanical garden in the usual sense because there are so few planted specimens, but would be more correctly described as a natural park, because the native vegetation is preserved in it by fence and caretakers. It is especially interesting for that very reason. Most of the area is covered with large native pine and cedar trees with a thick undergrowth of smaller trees and shrubs, most of them covered with fine parasitic plants. Almost every foot of ground was covered with ferns of some sort, including many beautiful palm ferns. Paths and roads had been constructed through this little bit of wilderness, but the slopes are steep and climbing is difficult in places. Near the entrance at the foot of the hill were some ornamental plantings of roses, perennials and annuals, that were very attractive. From the top of the hill one has a fine view of Wellington and the great harbor before it, and through a gap in the hills one catches a glimpse of the ocean outside. It was very pleasant in the sunshine and in sheltered spots but quite cool in the shade.

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(1927, Dec. Wellington).

E--3077

life visible on its streets than is to be seen on those of any little country town in the United States. After my disappointing walk I returned to my room, wrapped myself up in a heavy steamer rug, drank a whiskey and soda, smoked, and read "Environment and Race," which to me was quite as fascinating as any novel. By midnight I began to feel quite comfortable and in good humor again.

Friday, 9 December, Wellington; bright, cool, with less wind than usual. After breakfast I called on Mr. Foster, American Trade Commissioner, who had come to Wellington so recently as not to be very well informed. At the hotel I packed up some of my things. At the Port Office I ascertained that my revolver, which I had surrendered to a customs official on entering, would be turned over to the purser of the ship on which I was returning to Australia. The port officer expressed his opinion of the law that required the registration of all firearms, when as a matter of fact every New Zealander possessed one or more guns and pistols. Next I walked to the Dominion Farmers Union Building, a part of which was occupied by a branch of the Department of Agriculture, ^{and} on the fifth floor of which was an excellent collection of Maori relics. These consisted of many specimens of elaborate carvings, canoes, weapons, and utensils. The exhibits were in a large well lighted chamber that was supposed to be entirely fireproof.

I went aboard at 2 p.m. and found that I had been assigned to a one-half cabin in the extreme rear of the deck. It was small for one person and entirely inadequate for two. I at once went on the trail of the chief steward. When I found him he made many excuses, but I protested so vigorously that he had me transferred to a much larger cabin and without a room mate. Many people were at the pier to see the steamer depart, which it did promptly at 2 p.m. After reaching the open sea the steamer followed the coast.

(1927, Dec. Wellington-Sidney).

E--3078

The coast was quite mountainous, with steep slopes facing the sea, green with grass and bushes, with very few trees. It was a bright sunshiny afternoon and the sea was fairly calm, but a stiff breeze was blowing that was uncomfortably cool.

In the dining room I was assigned to a table in the middle with seven other men. After supper I adjourned to the smoking room with a detective story to read and coffee was served.

I walked the deck for half an hour watching the sun set. To the west were islands, one very high with almost perpendicular sides and many sharp pinacles sticking up out of the sea, and beyond were mountains with blue and purple shadows. Far off in the distance could be seen the faint outlines of mountains. To the east could be seen the faint outline of mountains, the finest being Mt. Egmount, a far off vision of beauty floating on the horizon. It is a perfect cone in shape with a beautiful snow white mantle extending down about one-third ^{of} its height, the lower two-thirds being blue and delicate mauve or pearl in color. As we proceeded westward and the glow of the setting sun faded it grew less and less substantial until it gradually dissolved from view. Later a full moon presented a lovely spectacle with its wavering path of light across the troubled waters. However, it was undeniably cold. In spite of the cold all ~~doors~~ doors and windows on the ship were kept open and all the passengers were wearing overcoats and shivering. I could account for this state of affairs only on the ground that the ship's officers and passengers were laboring under the superstition ^{no delusion} that cold air is purer and healthier than warm air.

Saturday, 10 December, Wellington to Sydney; fair, calm sea, and cool. Spent the forenoon drafting a report to the Institute on New Zealand. After an excellent luncheon I took a long nap with blanket, steamer rug, and overcoat to keep warm. Had an ex-

cellent supper and then to the smoking room for coffee and reading. I enjoyed the luxury of a cabin to myself on the main deck where I could retire early, pull up the covers, crawl into bed, and with a good electric light read, smoke, and sip whiskies and sodas, until I felt sleepy, any time from 11 p.m. to 4 a.m. This evening I read "Black Pavilion" by Muir. At the table next to me was a bright eyed, smiling young Scotchman who said he had been in New Zealand fifteen years. He was extremely modest, vivacious, and full of humor. He said his name was Flood, that he was a father, and that he expected to fly from Sydney to Wellington, a distance of about 1,400 miles.

Sunday, December 11, Wellington to Sydney; partly cloudy and warmer. Church service was held on the ship but I did not attend. No games were played on deck during the day. The passengers were very quiet, solemn, and wore long faces; except my bright eyed table companion, the bright little Scotch father. I read Zane Gray's "Vanishing Race," which is a sentimental story of a noble Indian, but the story came to a bad ending, which is inexcusable, but perhaps inevitable when it deals with the love of an Indian man for a white woman. The sea was calm and smooth all day. At sunset there was a wonderful reflection of red and gold on the undulating water. A school of leaping porpoises afforded amusement to the passengers. After the sun set its light was still reflected from a bank of clouds that extended two-thirds of the way up to the zenith. They became a bright pink and their reddened color was reflected from the sea as deep rose, red, and finally as a royal purple. I had never seen so much color in the sea before.

(1927, Dec. Wellington to Sidney).

E--3080

Monday, 12 December, Wellington to Sydney; showers during the night, partly cloudy in forenoon, with a soft warm breeze that was delightful. I got up leisurely and found that the clock had been set back nearly two hours since leaving Wellington. Read "The Mercantile Defence 1914-18" by Lord Inchcliff, a description of the part played in the great war by the merchant vessels of the United Kingdom. Also finished reading a novel by Connington. In the evening a man whom I took to be a South American played the piano superbly. I was told that a celebrated Scotch tenor and his wife were touring these far away countries and brought this pianist along to accompany them. I went on deck in the evening and found a few young couples trying to dance to the sound of a squeaky phonograph. I filled out a form for the customs officers and was given a landing card.

Tuesday, 13 December, Sydney; bright, clear, and hot. I woke up at 7 a.m. as the steamer was slowly passing through the entrance to the harbor of Sydney. The harbor was obscured by mist and the water was smooth. The ship docked at 7.30 a.m. Had breakfast on board and then walked to the hotel. On the street I bought a supply of cigars. At Cook's I paid 45 £ for passage to Surabaya on the S.S. Houtman to sail on the 21st.

Sydney seemed like a real city after Wellington. Very hot on the street. My baggage was delivered at noon and I enjoyed the luxury of a bath and change of clothing. After luncheon I called on the American Consul and the Trade Commissioner. Did some writing at the hotel and then took a long walk. I was surprised at the crowds on the streets and in the shops doing their Christmas buying. It does not seem right that Christmas should come in midsummer. Had a good supper at a restaurant that was badly crowded. Took another long walk, but there was nothing in the way of amusement. Near the

(1927, Dec. Sydney.)

E--3081

hotel I saw a number of women street walkers who were tall, angular, ungraceful, and unattractive.

Wednesday, 14 December, Sydney; clear and hot. At Cook's got my seamer ticket reading to Singapore, with stop-over privileges at intermediate points. Had to take the portable typewriter to the repair shop for adjustment. After luncheon I walked to the Botanical Garden which is on the slope facing the harbor. It is a very attractive park, with lawns and many beautiful trees, shrubs, and flowering plants. The park commands a fine view of the harbor. Wrote some letters. After supper spent an hour reading a French book *P*

Pn 3082-3083-3084-3085

Extracts from report of December 14, 1927, on New Zealand
to the Secretary General of the Institute:

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"In the afternoon I visited the Botanical Garden. It is not a botanical garden in the usual sense, with collections of native and introduced plants, but is even more interesting because it is a small reservation of native 'bush' with indigenous trees and plants preserved in their original natural state, with some ornamental landscape work on the fringes, such as rose and other flower gardens, lawns and terraces. I spent several hours very agreeably studying this native vegetation. Some of the trees, especially conifers, are very large, with a jungle of smaller trees, bushes, vines, parasitical plants, and many ferns, underneath or clinging to the trunks and branches of the trees. This growth is dense and the topography is quite broken, so that the 'garden' illustrates some of the difficulties the pioneers encountered in clearing the land.

x x x x

"I found time to make a hasty inspection of the Maori Ethnological Collection in the Department of Agriculture. It is exceedingly interesting and consists of specimens of stone, bone, shell, and wooden implements, weapons and ornaments, clothing of woven hemp and feathers, fishing nets and tackle, and most elaborate carvings in wood in which the spiral was the principal design. This collection is well protected in a concrete, metal covered, fire-proof room, most of the specimens being in glass cases or metal vaults.

x x x x x

"I regret that steamer connections made it impracticable to see more of New Zealand and its farms and pastures. Wellington has

the reputation of being a 'windy' city. It fully bore out its reputation while I was there. For two whole days and nights the winds came in violent gusts, shrieking and howling through the streets of the city, making it extremely difficult to walk upright. Also there were squalls of rain. This is the summer season, and yet it was quite cold, my thermometer showing as low as 50 degrees Farenheit. I am told that this is proving to be the coldest summer in New Zealand in forty years.

"New Zealand is a country of mountains, fyords, volcanoes, geysers, hot springs, solfateras, glaciers--among the largest in the world--cataracts, forests, and other interesting natural phenomena; many good roads and inns have been built, and many New Zealanders think that their country will sometime rival Switzerland, Norway and Sweden in its attraction to tourists. It has more than 226 mountains above 6,000 feet in height, several of them ranging up to 15,000 feet, and they occupy 15 to 20 per cent of the surface. Note that New Zealand, with a population of less than 1½ million, is about the size of the State of Colorado in the United States, slightly smaller than Italy and a little larger than the British Isles in Europe. The latitude of Wellington south of the Equator (40 degrees) corresponds with the same latitude north of the Equator of San Francisco, New York, Lisbon, Constantinople, and Peking. The harbor of Wellington is about six miles in diameter, is deep enough to accommodate the largest ships, is entirely land locked, and is surrounded by high, green, picturesque hills and mountains.

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"Sydney, Australia, 14 December 1927.

"Dear Mommie and Ninas:

"My last letter was to Mother from Sydney on December 1.

The next day I sailed on the S.S. Maunganui for New Zealand, which lies about fourteen hundred miles to the east. We had a very rough passage. The wind was strong and howled and shrieked all the way. There was a heavy sea and when the waves broke the wind whirled the spray through the air and wet the ship like rain. Moreover it was quite cold, although this is supposed to be summertime. There were many passengers and apparently every cabin was full. My cabin companion turned out to be the Forester of New Zealand. He was a Canadian and had been to the eastern part of the United States many times.

"We reached Wellington, the capital of New Zealand, Tuesday, December 6, before noon. In the afternoon I went to the American Consulate and found a letter from Mother dated August 14. I was greatly disappointed not to receive anything from 1026. The fact is that since May first I have received only one letter each from you, Thelma, and Otis. I am sure, of course, that more letters were written in all that time and that they must have either gone astray or been returned because I have been behind my schedule since leaving Mexico. Well, I keep hoping for better luck.

"Wednesday and Thursday I had satisfactory interviews with the officials of the Census and Statistics Office and the Department of Agriculture, and they assured me of their willingness to cooperate in the agricultural census of 1930. Also I visited the Museum in which are many interesting collections of minerals, fossils, shells, stuffed birds and animals, implements of stone, bone and wood, weapons, clothing and fishing tackle, and beautifully carved woods of

the Maoris, the Melanesian people who occupied New Zealand when it was discovered and taken possession of by the British.

"On Thursday afternoon I visited the Botanical Garden. This is not a ~~Zōtā~~ botanical garden in the usual sense, but is even more interesting because it is a bit of native woodland so that one can see what the country looked like before it was cleared and sown to grass or put into cultivation. This garden is on one of the hills back of the city and from the highest point one has a fine view of the city and harbor, the green hills and mountains that surround it, and off to one side can be seen a bit of the ocean and the white surf breaking on rocky islands. The botanical park contains some very large native pine trees, with an undergrowth of smaller, broad-leaved trees and bushes, many vines and parasitical plants, and a great variety of ferns. On the edge of the park ⁱⁿ ~~is~~ a little valley was some pretty landscape work, rose gardens, lawns and terraces.

"New Zealand is almost exactly the same size as Colorado. It is divided into two main parts, North Island and South Island, separated by a strait which one can see across. Wellington is near the center of the south end of North Island. It is in about the same latitude south of the Equator as San Francisco, Philadelphia, Lisbon, Constantinople, and Peking are north of the Equator and, of course, the seasons are just opposite. The climate is said to be mild except at the south end and on top of the higher mountains. There are about 250 mountains over 6,000 feet high, and many of them are above 12,000 feet. Some of the glaciers are among the largest in the world. In North Island are several active volcanoes and many geysers, hot springs, and cataracts. There are also a number of beautiful lakes. The scenery among the mountains and along the mountainous coast is said to be very similar to that of Norway, Sweden and Switzerland. It is a

natural grass, sheep and dairy country. Many years ago trout were introduced into the mountain streams and Virginia red deer into the forests and now the country is well stocked with them. The country is said to have many birds, but before the white men came there were practically no mammals, and there has never been any snakes.

"I left Wellington last Friday, the 9th, and was not sorry because all the time I was there the wind blew violently and it was very cold (midsummer) and I had to wear my heaviest winter clothing. Then, too, Wellington is simply a large country town and very dull--not as much going on as in little Frederick at home.

"Reached Sydney yesterday, the 13th, and immediately secured passage on the first boat for Batavia, capital of Java, the S.S. Houtman, due to sail from here December 21 and reach Batavia January 8. I shall be glad to leave the Pacific coast and work my way westward. I shall have the feeling that I am getting nearer to home and Washington.

"I see by the Sydney papers that Canton, China, is again having trouble. Surely my letters from Hongkong have reached you before this so that you know that I have been out of China for nearly two months.

"Well, deary, I hope all at home will have a pleasant Christmas, even though Daddy Longlegs is sailing the southern seas. Also I still persist in hoping that sometime, somewhere, en route I shall receive a letter from some one at 1026.

"Love to all, from

"Daddy Lee."

(1927, Dec. Sidney.)

E--3086

Thursday, 15 December, ~~Sydney~~⁴; clear, warm, and pleasant.

I sat up the night before until 2.30 a.m. to finish reading "Pierre Zaconnes "La ~~Vivandier~~^{xxx} Viviendaire," a romance of the Zouaves in Algeria. Had breakfast in a little restaurant and then sat in the park for awhile. It was very pleasant in the shade of a tree. A nice breeze was blowing and a pair of doves settled near. The male bowed several times to his mate and cooed softly to her. Another little bird, brown or nearly black on his back and white on his breast, with a long bill and a peculiar way of twitching his tail, fluttered about. Then some common, every-day sparrows, cheery little beggars, hopped about. Next, I spent an hour very agreeably in the art gallery.

Friday, 16 December, ~~Sydney~~⁴; cloudy and threatening rain.

Sat up late the night before reading Prof. Taylor's "Environment and Race." During the forenoon I pasted and labelled photographs, filed the negatives, and wrote some letters. In the afternoon rode on a ~~tra~~ tram car out to the Agricultural Exhibition grounds and inspected the industrial exhibits. The exhibits of the State Railways organization were very good, as were also those of printing presses, electrical devices, and engineering apparatus. I was much interested also in seeing the manufacture of barbed wire, silk stockings, and wire nails. The attendance was poor, probably because of the distance and time and cost of getting out to see the exhibits, as well as lack of advertising.

~~After~~ For supper I went to my usual restaurant only to find that all tables were occupied, so I had to look up another. The streets were full of people looking at the Christmas displays in the shop windows. I bought a copy of an illustrated weekly entitled "Beckett's Budget," the most salacious sheet I had ever seen. Returned to my room

(1927, Dec. Sidney.)

E--3087

at 8.30 p.m. to read and smoke and sip whiskey and soda until I fell asleep.

Saturday, 17 December, Sydney; warm and cloudy. Last night read the "Voyage of the Cachelot", story of a ^asailing ship from New Bedford. On the street bought a copy of a small volume with two stories by Anatole France. A walk brought me to the Botanical Garden facing the harbor where I sat on the grass under a tree on a hill overlooking the harbor. To one side were anchored half a dozen British warships. I watched a great ocean liner move majestically across the harbor on her return voyage to Europe. On the other side of the harbor one could see a part of the city with paved streets at right angles, neat houses, most of them with red roofs, and many of them with little flower gardens. It was a pretty sight and probably accounts for the belief of many people that the harbor of Sidney is the most beautiful in the world. However, for me it is surpassed by the harbors of Rio de Janeiro, Naples, and Hongkong.

Had an excellent luncheon and returned to my room for a nap. Finished reading the "Voyage of the Cachelot," an excellent account of a three year voyage of a New England whaling ship. Before supper I walked over a bridge that crosses a narrow arm of the harbor. On the farther side I saw some mills, a grain elevator, railway and coal yards, and working men's houses. Stopped at my little restaurant for supper and again found it overcrowded. Reached my room at 8.30 p.m. and began reading an insufferably dull book on "Suburban Trend" by H. Paul Douglass, one of the thousands of books and bulletins on economic and sociological subjects that have sprouted like mushrooms since the war.

Sunday, 18 December, Sydney; clear and hot. Sat up last night until 1 a.m. ~~in order to~~ finish reading "Suburban Trend" in order to do my duty by it, get it off my mind, and undergo a little mental dis-

my duty by it, get it off my mind, and undergo a little mental discipline. Visited the zoological park for the second time and had a pleasant outing. Back in time for luncheon and returned to my room for a siesta. Read Anatole France's "Jackstraw" and "Le Chat Maigre." On the way to the restaurant for supper I stopped to listen to some gospel hymns sung by a group ^{on} ~~and~~ a corner.

Monday, 19 December, Sydney; cloudy and raining. Visited the museum a second time, but it closed at 11.30 to celebrate ~~its~~ the anniversary of its founding in 1827. Next I visited the art gallery to study and enjoy its fine collection of paintings. At the hotel I wrote some letters home and made up a ^package of books to be mailed to Washington. Mailed the books, cashed a check, and ~~had~~ bought a small supply of cigars, with the thought that I could probably get better ones on the Dutch boat on which I was to voyage to Batavia, and if not I could smoke a pipe. Began reading Mungo Parke's "Travels," which were very interesting. On the way back from supper at a restaurant stopped at the second hand book store and bought a copy of "Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures" and a volume of poems by Robert Browning. Returned to my room at 7.30 p.m. for an evening with my books.

(Thelma, 19 Dec., Sidney, ~~✓~~ yellow folder.)

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(Thelma, 19 Dec., Sidney, yellow folder.)

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1927
(QOWU, Sdney, Dec.)

E--3089

Tuesday, 20 December, Sydney; partly cloudy, but pleasant. After breakfast I paid another visit to the botanical garden. There I saw two beautiful peacocks that spread their tails and strutted about. The male bird made his tail feathers quiver with a rustling sound. At Cook's I learned ^athat the ship was scheduled to leave at noon the following day. At the Consulate I obtained a package that had been forwarded to Melbourne and returned. It contained a supply of Institute letterheads and envelopes. The Trade Commissioner was out when I ^acalled at his office, so I left word when I was leaving. It struck me that he had been just a little indifferent during my stay in Sydney, considering that we were fellow countrymen and that I was his former employer to whom he was under some obligation for certain favors, so I did not feel impelled to make a ^{farewell} second/call.

At the hotel began packing up. Read some of Mrs. Caudle's "Curtain Lectures" which are very amusing. Took another walk and stopped to observe an auction sale. Sat in the park awhile watching pedestrians.

Wednesday, 21 December, Sydney; clear and hot. Glory be, today I start northward from the end of the world and every day will bring me nearer home. The ship, the S.S. Houtman, was scheduled to leave at noon, so I left the hotel at 10.30 a.m. with my baggage. At the pier, however, I was informed that the ship would not sail until 5 p.m. and would not come to the pier before 1 p.m. Leaving my baggage locked up in a warehouse I walked to the top of a high hill overlooking the harbor. The great new bridge started from this hill. When completed it will be one of the great bridges of the world, and even in its half finished state it was imposing. Next I ^walked through the hot sun to the business section, nearly

Tuesday, 20 December, Sydney; partly cloudy, but pleasant. After breakfast I paid another visit to the botanical garden. There I saw two beautiful parrots that agreed their tails and stretched about. The male bird made his tail feather driver with a rustling sound. At Cook's I learned that the ship was scheduled to leave at noon the following day. At the Consulate I obtained a package that had been forwarded to Melbourne and returned. It contained a supply of Institute letterheads and envelopes. The Trade Commissioner was out when I called at his office, so I left word when I was leaving. It struck me that he had been just a little indifferent during my stay in Sydney, considering that we were fellow countrymen and that I was his former employer to whom he was under some obligation for farewell.

certain favors, so I did not feel impelled to make a second call.

At the hotel began packing up. Read some of Mrs. Gaudin's "Certain Features" which are very amusing. Took another walk and stopped to observe an auction sale. Set in the park while watching pedestrians.

Wednesday, 21 December, Sydney; clear and hot. Glorious day. I started northward from the end of the world and every day will bring me nearer home. The ship, the S.S. Montman, was scheduled to leave at noon, so I left the hotel at 10.30 a.m. with my baggage. At the pier, however, I was informed that the ship would not sail until 5 p.m. and would not come to the pier before 1 p.m. Leaving my baggage locked up in a warehouse I walked to the top of a high hill overlooking the harbor. The great new bridge started from this hill. When completed it will be one of the great bridges of the world, and even in its half finished state it was imposing. Next I walked through the hot sun to the business section, nearly

(1927, Sidney, Dec.)

E--3090

a mile distant. Stopped at a sidewalk shop to have my shoes half-soled while I waited. Had luncheon in a cheap restaurant and then sat in a park and read a newspaper. Then I walked back to the hill overlooking the harbor and sat in the park until 3 p.m. From my point of vantage I watched my ship come up the harbor and to the dock and other passengers begin to arrive. At last ~~a~~ my long hours of waiting were over and I could go aboard, which I did without further delay. The ship was long, narrow, and low, and all the cabins seemed to be on one deck. Very few passengers came aboard and only half a dozen people were at the dock to bid farewell and Godspeed to their departing friends. The ship got under way promptly at 5 p.m., moved slowly across the harbor, and I had my last look at Sydney. While looking at the receding city and harbor I got acquainted with a woman of enormous bulk, Mrs. De Lancy Brown, of Indianapolis, Indiana, who said she was a magazine writer and traveled most of the time. She had been to New Zealand and was delighted with what she saw there.

At supper I was assigned to the purser's table. Only one woman was at our table, a tall, slim, thin, uncommunicative person. Most of the crew appeared to be either Chinese or Javanese.

During the week at Sydney^y I read in the papers that Mr. Flood, the young ~~Scotch~~ Scotch aeronaut whom I liked so much, had been refused permission to attempt the flight to New Zealand; then that permission had been granted; that he had actually taken off--and then silence. No trace of him or his plane was ever found. It seemed a pity that this cheery intelligent soul should have gone down in the angry sea somewhere between Sydney and Wellington.

Thursday, 22 December, Sydney to Batavia; bright, clear, beautiful day. I did not sleep well because of the cold and turned

(1927, Dec.to Batavia.)

E--3091

on the light several times to read and smoke. The stars as seen through the porthole were brilliant. *P* Saw a good deal of the stout lady, Mrs. Brown, who said that her husband had been professor of Greek in a college, that she replaced him during the war, that he became the librarian at Indianapolis, but had died eighteen months before; that she taught French, and that she had a grownup son. Physically she was immense and one wondered why a woman of her weight should be traveling; but the moment she spoke one was impressed by her extraordinary memory and intelligence and soon forgot her appearance. She was very sensible and very companionable and we became fast friends throughout the voyage. That evening I stepped into the lounge, which was deserted, and opened the piano to finger a few simple airs. I stopped instantly when Mrs. Brown entered and asked if I liked music. I said yes, and that I felt aggrieved because there was a piano on every ship on which I had traveled but no one ever played on it, and that unfortunately I could not play it more than to pick out familiar tunes. She asked what kind of music I preferred. I said I liked anything that was real music and melodious, such as folk music, waltzes, operas, symphonies, and the like. Then she sat down and began to play and to sing American folk songs. As she proceeded the lounge gradually filled up. Some one asked for a Scotch ballad. She played and sang it instantly, and followed with a whole series of Scotch songs and music. Then followed Irish folk songs, Scandinavian folk songs, and German folk songs, which she sang in German; and followed this with some French, Italian, and Greek songs, which she sang in those languages. It was a remarkable exhibition and was thoroughly enjoyed and applauded by her audience. She even played a Chinese piece and a Japanese piece. Every folk song called for by any one present, she immediately began to play the melody on the piano and then to sing it. This was simply

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(1927, Dec.to Batavia).

E--3092

the first of many exhibitions of memory and talent by this remarkable woman. She said ^ath_at she had never taken lessons on the piano or in singing and apologized for her lack of technique, but her playing was accurate and ~~pleasing~~ her voice was ~~be~~ pleasing although not strong.

In my cabin I read some of the poems of Robert Browning, which I liked very much, and then I finished a French novel by Henri Bordeaux from the ship's library.

Friday, 23 December, en route to Batavia; fair and pleasant. Sat up until 4 a.m. to finish the Bordeaux novel. When I went on deck at 9 a.m. we were near the coast and the sea was full of variegated colors, blue, green, gray, and white. At 11.30 a.m. a pilot came aboard, the ship steamed up a river, and at 2 p.m. tied up at the wharf before Brisbane. The country along the river looked greener than it did a month previous. ^PIn company with Mrs. Brown and her lady friend, Mrs. Iremain of Los Angeles, ~~P~~I hired a taxie and we drove to the postoffice, they to mail letters and I to send a ^{Christmas} cablegram/greeting to my family in Washington. Then we drove through long streets of cheap looking houses and several miles through a eucalyptus forest to the top of a high hill near the river. We had a fine view of a broad stretch of country, forests, a winding river, mountains on the horizon, the city of Brisbane, and far off the bay at the mouth of the river. We drove back through a better part of the city, passed the governor's mansion, several schools, the hospital, and some churches. We returned to the ship shortly after 4 o'clock, on the understanding that the ship was to sail at 5 p.m., but we found that during our absence the ship's clock had been set back two hours. During the ride I sat between the two ladies and it was a tight squeeze because of the enormous girth of Mrs. Brown and the matonely plumptness of her companion, but I did not mind it.

(1927, Dec., to Batavia.)

E--3093

The boat pulled away from the wharf two minutes before 7 p.m. One of the lady passengers who had counted on the ship's leaving exactly at 7 p.m. was left behind and nearly had hysterics on the wharf when she saw the ship moving out into midstream with all her possessions. Naturally her fellow passengers were greatly interested in her fate. The captain solved the difficulty ~~in~~ by sending the tug back to bring her out to the ship.

In the evening Mrs. Brown started to play some operas for me and, as on the previous evening, the lounge soon filled up with passengers to listen and applaud. Scarcely an opera was mentioned that she could not play and sing the words, especially the preludes, intermezzos, and other of the more pleasing parts. It was a very enjoyable entertainment.

Saturday, 24 December, Sydney to Batavia; raining, strong wind and heavy sea from the east. Awakened by a dash of cold water splashing through the partly closed porthole of my cabin. One could barely distinguish the Australian coast through the rain and mist. But few people ventured on deck. Read "Eames," a good detective story by A. Fielding, and "The Winning of Barbara Worth," by H.B. Wright. Spent most of the day reading these books in the smoking room until 11 p.m. Most of the other passengers remained in their cabins. Mrs. Brown came in and we talked for an hour or two about books, people we had met, and places we had seen. All day long the sky was overcast, a little rain fell, and a heavy swell came from the east. From time to time a big wave would dash over the decks. In the evening I tried to picture the familiar Christmas Eve scene at my home in Washington. Remembered that a year ago I left Tripoli for Syracuse. Christmas Eve, and so far from home and loved ones. God bless all fearless souls, loving hearts, human hopes, and little children.

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God bless all fearless souls, loving hearts, human hopes, and

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Sunday, 25 December, Sydney to Batavia; cloudy, showers, breeze and swell from the east. Everybody slept late, kept to themselves in their cabins, and at the table were rather silent, probably because they were thinking of Christmas at home. I spent the day in the smoking room, mostly alone, reading novels from the ship's library. Supper was something extra and wine was served, but even this did not entirely dispel the gloom of people away from homes and friends. Mrs. Brown played some church music and light opera for me in the evening and a small audience gathered. I observed that Mrs. Iremain and the young ship's doctor from New Zealand were getting quite friendly; also that the young doctor was quite friendly with a slender, black eyed nurse, Miss Highroad, who was accompanied by a frail looking and very talkative mother.

Monday, 26 December, Sydney to Batavia; cloudy, hot, light breeze, and a calm sea. Most of the day we were in sight of low partially wooded mountains dimly seen through the clouds that enveloped them. We came in sight of the great Barrier Reef late in the afternoon and many half hidden sandbars were to be seen. I saw a large crab swimming near the surface, but no other sign of wild life was visible. In the evening I began reading a story by Reid describing convict life in the penal colonies of Great Britain in Australia, a powerful but saddening story. Also began reading "Das Kapital" by Marx, rather heavy and dull political economy. There was music and dancing in the evening. Mrs. Brown said she had lived with her husband in Athens where she learned to speak Greek. It was so much warmer that I and other passengers changed to lighter clothing and a swimming pool was set up on the forward deck.

(1927, Dec.to Batavia).

E--3095

Tuesday, 27 December, Sydney to Batavia; fair and warm with good breeze, and very pleasant. I was up early and went forward for a swim. Found the tank occupied by Mrs. Iremain and Miss Highroad. The tank was a good one, 16 by 24 feet and 5 or 6 feet deep, and tempered just right by a stream of hot water from the boilers. We spent nearly an hour very agreeably. Had a wrestling match with the plump widow, Mrs. Iremain, which she seemed to enjoy as much as I did. After breakfast read ^aanother dose of Karl Marx, which was interesting but contained many propositions that I was inclined to disagree with. We were passing between reefs, sandbars, and low islands covered with mangrove, and to the west the sandy beach of the mainland, back of which were barren mountains. At 1 p.m. the captain called our attention to a group of wild blacks on the beach watching our ship. They were too far away to distinguish anything except their shining black bodies as they stood or ran about on the beach. Had a long talk with the captain, who was much interested in what I had to say about Russia.

Mrs. Brown said she was one of four daughters, won a scholarship in high school, and while in college equipping herself to be a school teacher, she married the professor in Greek. In the evening she played and sang for the entertainment of the passengers. She impressed everyone, especially the men, as being a remarkable woman. In spite of her immense bulk, age, and homely face, she dominated the ship by her intelligence, vivacity, scholarship, remarkable memory, unfailing good nature, and sheer ability. There were other women on board, young, shapely, good looking and attractive, but in the presence of Mrs. Brown they became as pretty little school children.

Had a quiet afternoon reading "Das Kapital." Then played a game of quoits and another game on a miniature shuffle board. Before supper had cocktails with three gentlemen in the ^sSmoking room, one

(1927, Dec. to Batavia).

E--3096

an engineer on his way to the tin mines of the Malay States, and the other two tea experts on their way to Java. They were agreeable and related many stories. I asked the tea experts which tea is best. They agreed there is no "best," the nearest to "best" being the tea to which one is accustomed. I asked what is the difference between green tea and black tea. They said it was all the same tea, the only difference being a matter of curing. I asked what did a tea expert do, and they replied that it was their business to know the different kinds and qualities of tea so that they could supply dealers with the kind of tea of uniform grade or quality they desired.

The afternoon was followed by a marvelous sunset, one of the most beautiful I had ever seen. A long range of mountains some miles distant, a rippling sea between the ship and the shore, great masses of cumulous clouds banked up over the mountains, all lit up like a glowing furnace of red and gold, shading off into pinks, pearl, blue, green, violet and purple, and the sea reflecting the red of the flaming sky. In addition there ^awas a large section of the sky that was the purest jade or emerald green, surrounded by banks of dazzling white, pink, and red cumulous clouds, like a wonderful lake surrounded by fantastic mountains of jasper, and in it many pink and golden islands. The sky seemed to be filled with flying angels and grotesque animals. Of course, such a glorious spectacle of color and form defies description; all the beholder can do is to gaze in rapt admiration and feel lifted up and detached from all the little disagreeable things of his daily life. This sunset reminded me of a passage of Browning I had recently read: "If you get ^{some} ~~some~~ beauty and naught else, you get about the best thing God invents."

Mr. Baxter, one of the tea experts, asked me to give a talk the following evening on my impressions of Russia and I said I would

(1927, Dec. to Batavia).

E--3097

consider it. In the evening I read "Nicholas Goode, Detective," by Oppenheim, a story of a detective on vacation.

Wednesday, 28 December, Sydney to Batavia; rainy and much cooler. Had a nice swim before breakfast. After breakfast we passed a small fleet of fishing vessels each with three sails set and open to the breeze. One of the schooners ran parallel with the ship at a good clip before the stiff breeze and the spray dashed completely over her. Still reading "Das Kapital" by Marx, which is slow going, dreary, and interminable. In the afternoon reading "Another Scandal" by Cosmo Hamilton. Before supper had cocktails with a group of gentlemen who acted like a lot of good natured boys. One of them, an engineer, shared my admiration for Mrs. Brown. She came to our table after supper and proposed that every one write limericks for New Year's eve. To illustrate what she had in mind she repeated a long string of funny rhymes that made the passengers laugh. Afterwards in the lounge she played several operas and a lot of old airs.

Early in the afternoon we passed Thursday Island, after which the ship changed her course from north to west. The rain ceased and the weather became much warmer.

A rumor spread among the passengers to the effect that small-pox was abroad in Java and Sumatra. Many of the passengers were vaccinated, but I declined the opportunity on the ground that I had been vaccinated twice within the last six months.

I sat up rather late, part of the time with the Australian engineer and the tea experts. One of them expressed the opinion that the British colonies should purchase all their goods from England in order to give employment to British subjects.

(1927, Dec.to Batavia).

E--3098

Thursday, 29 December, Sydney to Batavia; bright, clear, and hot. After breakfast I took another dose of "Das Kapital." Then read a novel of old England which I did not like. Began reading "Out for Gold" by de Vibe, a story of gold prospecting in Alaska which was very interesting. Had a long nap in the afternoon. Had a long talk with the Australian engineer ^{ab}out the tin mines of Malasia, and with a Mr. Cowardine who was in the same business in New Guinea. The latter said the young women of that island are very attractive. Sat in the smoking room reading until the lights were turned off.

Friday, 30 December, Sydney to Batavia; raining all day. Finished reading "The Liberated Woman" by Steuart Edward White, a Vermont story. In the evening got into an argument with a Mr. Tomlinson, an Englishman, who asserted that the United States was a profiteering country that delayed entering the war until she could claim credit for ending it, and that ~~her~~ entry was not necessary because Great Britain was quite capable of fighting all Europe indefinitely. Realizing that it was useless to argue I contented myself with asking some pertinent questions that must have sounded impertinent and that I knew would be embarrassing to answer, much to the amusement of some of my Australian friends. After supper I tried my hand at writing limericks. The program committee called on me to represent the United States in a toast to the four countries represented on the ship--England, Holland, Australia, and New Zealand, to which I agreed.

Saturday, 31 December, Sydney to Batavia; forenoon heavy tropical rain; afternoon clear and hot, with magnificent cumulus clouds. Most of the day we were passing islands to the north, some of them

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(1927, Dec., to Batavia).

E--3099

with mountains, and many small, low-lying reefs or atolls with coconut groves that seemed to be growing out of the water. At 4.30 p.m. we were passing the island of Timor, which seemed to be about ten miles long, and showed a high ridge or cliff with patches of trees. A few patches of ground looked as if they might be cultivated, and near the beach on one ~~if~~ side I saw a few white structures that I took for a light house and cabins. No boats or people^l were visible. On looking in the atlas I found that Timor is described as a large island and that what we saw was simply one corner.

Supper was served at 7.30 p.m. with the entire passenger list present in full dress. The dining room was decorated with festoons of tissue paper. The supper was a good one and included roast turkey. After supper came a program arranged by Mrs. Brown. First there was a ~~sp~~ stringed orchestra that was very good. Then followed toasts by representatives of different nationalities. I was on the program to represent the United States. I had, as usual, prepared a statement but disregarded it when I was on my feet. I said ~~th^a~~ I was proud to have an opportunity to ~~spea~~^ek for my country because I was proud of that country, proud of its origin, of its growth and achievements, of its continuing progress, and of its sympathy and good will towards all other peoples and governments; and these things I attributed to the fact that many peoples had contributed to the development and growth of the United States, the English, the Irish, the Germans, ^{the Dutch,} the Scandinavians, the Italians, the Spanish, the Jews, and in recent years the peoples of central and eastern Europe, and even Chinese and Japanese, to say nothing of our large African population; that all these peoples had not only contributed to our development and material progress, but had become good American citizens and had profoundly affected the character of the people of my country; and that because of this mixture of peoples living

(1927, Dec. to Batavia.)

E--~~30~~ 3100

side by side, enjoying equal opportunities and the same high standard of living, but all with different traditions and memories of mother countries elsewhere which still held a place in their minds and hearts, and for this reason the heart of ^{me} ~~A~~frica went out to every people in times of their distress and rejoiced in times of their prosperity, so that the United States had become more truly international in its outlook and sympathies than any other country, not excepting even the British Empire. Then I proceeded to say something about each of the nationalities represented in our passenger list and what they had contributed to the development of the United States, the ~~D~~ English, Scotch, Irish, Dutch, German, Scandinavian; and then I pointed out the common history and common characteristics of the Americans, Canadians, Australians, New Zealanders, South Afrikanders, which made them more nearly alike in their language, thought, sympathies, and outlook and point of view of life, than is the case in many single countries in Europe.

This little speech was listened to with close attention and roundly applauded. Afterwards I was complimented by the captain and a group of passengers for my "philosophical address."

Then the passengers adjourned to the upper deck and were all lined up to dance "Roger de Coverly," followed by an intermission because the night was hot. The next dance was "Ole Dan Tucker," followed by another intermission and drinks, and a final dance. I danced with the two American widows, Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Iremain.

In the lounge we had a musical program, some recitations, a dramatic representation of Uncle Tom's Cabin, followed by a reading of the doggerel verses that had been prepared at the suggestion of Mrs. Brown. Then we adjourned to the smoking room, ^h~~a~~ champagne, sang Tipperary, the national anthem, It's a Long, Long Trail, Show me

(1927, Dec. to Batavia).

E--3101

the Way Home, and Auld Lang Syne. The party broke up about 1 a.m. when the ladies retired. ^PA group of men remained an hour or more drinking and smoking together and relating a great variety of stories, most of them usually restricted to male ears only. Of all those related that night only one remains in my memory, and it was to the following effect: Little Willie ran unexpectedly into the house and found his father and mother in an unusual position in bed. After momentary surprise he asked his father what he was doing to mother. His father replied: "Never mind, Willie, you run along and play with Johnny and Mary in the yard." "But papa, you might hurt mamma," ^Pex^ostulated Willie. "No, no, Willie, you just run along and play now," replied his father. But with a child's persistence ~~in wanting to know~~ little Willie again demanded to know what his father was doing to his mother. To satisfy his curiosity his father replied, "Well you see mamma was having a fit and I am holding her down until it passes off; she will be all right in a minute or two; now you just run along and play." The next day little Willie stopped at his father's shop and the father inquired if everything was all right at home. "Yes," answered little Willie, "mamma was having another fit, but it's all right, the iceman was holding her down."

I have often wondered how old these stories are, how widely they circulate, whether they have ever been reduced to writing, and whether they are communicated by husbands to their wives, and whether they circulate among women. I suspect they are as old as the human race and circulate rather freely among men and among women, but a sense of decency bars them from general conversation between the sexes or before children. I have watched the faces of men whose language I did not understand--Arabs, Turks, Abyssinians, and the like--listening intently to some one speaking in a low tone, and from the relaxation, laughter, and chuckles that followed the end of the

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(1928, Jan.to Batavia)

E--3002

tale I could readily imagine that the story they had just heard was of the general character of those indicated by the one reported above.

So ended the old year and began the new, with my official travel mission half accomplished and myself on the opposite side of the world from family and friends. However, I had the feeling that a turning point had been reached and that month by month I would come nearer to home and the end of my mission, when I could again live a normal life.

(Look up limericks by ~~Mrs. Brown~~ and myself.)--yellow folder.

Memoranda for toasts prepared at request of program committee for New Year's Eve celebration on board S.S.Houtman, en route Sydney to Batavia, to the five nationalities represented. (Not read, but paraphrased in an oral address).

"England:

"As a native American who has had unusual opportunities to know his country and his countrymen, I feel that I voice the sentiment of my fellow citizens when I say that England, perhaps more than any other country, occupies a big place in the hearts of Americans. It is our mother country, the home of our ancestors and all that home implies. We have the same ancestry, the same blood, the same speech, and until our political separation took place a century and a half ago, we had the same history, the same art, the same religion, and the same laws and literature. Differences in environment and experience have naturally brought about certain differences in national characteristics and points of view--but after all these are slight. Fundamentally we are the same people. We Americans look with admiration akin to pride upon the far-flung British Empire that circles the globe and upon whose flag the sun never sets. It is the heartfelt wish, the hope and the faith of every true American that the sun of England shall never set. So, as an American, I propose that we pledge the hearts of oak, the brave courage, the knightly chivalry, and the staunch justice of Old England and of all her loyal sons and daughters wherever they may be.

"Holland: (Land of dykes, canals, windmills, and of tulips).

"Next to England, Holland occupies a warm place in the hearts of Americans. It was Hendrick Hudson who discovered and ex-

plored the great river that bears his name. It was the Dutch who founded in the New World a New Amsterdam that has since become the second largest and richest city of the world. Through their participation in our national life, through their contribution to our national prosperity and welfare, we know them and their kinsfolk in Holland. We know them to be preeminently a home-making people, an industrious people, an adventurous people, a law-abiding people, and a sturdy, shrewd and sagacious business people. These same qualities enabled them to survive the repeated invasions and occupations of their country by the armies of Spain and the horrors of the Spanish inquisition, as well as the age-long assaults of the North Sea. Like their English cousins the Dutch have been great navigators and colonizers and their colonies are scattered over the earth. Let us pledge, therefore, our blue-eyed cousins of Holland and ⁵with them and her a Happy New Year, and many of them.

"Australia:

"In the very strictest sense Americans and Australians are first cousins. Not only have they the same mother country, the same ancestry, the same blood, the same speech, but each has conquered a continent larger than all Europe except Russia. Both peoples have been pioneers, both have adventured, both have pitted their human strength, their endurance, their courage, their wit and their intelligence, against the colossal forces of nature, and both have triumphed in the struggle. Therefore I pledge you the continued success, prosperity, and welfare of Australia and of her brave and enterprising people.

"New Zealand:

"As a separate commonwealth and as an island New Zealand suffers from her proximity to her colossal neighbor, Australia. The map makers generally show New Zealand as a small island on the edge of continental Australia. People who have not had the good fortune to visit this Switzerland of the South Seas cannot realize that she is larger than Great Britain and is separated from the mainland by more than twelve hundred miles of open sea. But the fame of New Zealand is spreading and tourists will ~~will~~ visit her in ever increasing numbers to see the great glaciers of the Southern Alps, the remarkable fjords, lakes, geysers, hot springs, and forests, and other interesting features of this wonderland. Students also will come from many lands to study the very interesting experiments that New Zealand is making in the way of economic organization and social legislation and betterment. So, here's to the New Zealanders all, may they and their beautiful country 'live long and prosper.'

Limericks on names of passengers of S.S.Houtman, en route Sydney to Batavia, New Year's Eve, 1927.

(Ryme lines 1, 2 and 5; 3 and 4)

Perpetrated by Leon M. Estabrook at request of program committee.

--

"(1) Mr.Banks (without initials):

We have with us Mr.Blank Banks,
And one of his pranks
Is to omit his initials,
Like many officials
And other cantankerous cranks.

"(2) Mr. F. Barton:

And, then, there is Mr.Barton,
From ancient Dumbarton.
Of him I nothing know,

Which to him may be a blow,
And for which I beg his pardon.

(3) Mr. T.N.Baxter:

Next comes Mr. Baxter.
When the girl he axt'er
Replied, 'Yes, sir, with great pleasure,
I love you without measure;
Whish made hãm go faster.

(4) Mrs. J.G.Brown:

And then comes Mrs. Brown,
Solid, substantial, with much renown;
Intellectual, effectual, optimistic,
With smiles and jokes quite characteristic;
Surely she deserves the crown.

(5) Mrs.Buckworth:

And Mrs. J.B.M.Buckworth,
With ancestors from the far north;
Juno-esque in stature,
Dignified by nature,
A lady of much worth.

(6) Mr.A.A.Carwardine:

Next, we have Mr. Cawardine,
A man of austere mein;
Interested he is in mining,
Perhaps also in rhyming,
In manner somewhat saturnine.

(7 Mr.and Mrs.Crommelin:

Mr. and Mrs. Commelin,
Met and together they fell in,
Smiling, in each other's way,
When one to the other did say,
What's keeping us from wedding?

(8) Mr.Leon M. Estabrook:

And solemn Mr. Estabrook,
Who, by many a hook and crook,
With troops of fairies and a jinx,
Has seen the world and the Sphinx,
And took the stuffing from many a book.

(9) Mrs. and Miss Heighway:

Then there's Mrs. and Miss Heighway,
Whom every one will say
Are like mother and daughter,
Good natured and full of laughter,
As they travel o'er life's highway.

(10) Mrs.Knox and infant:

Next comes Mrs.Knox,
With pink baby and socks, ~~whose~~
Whose dimples and sighs,
And bright black eyes,
The grown-ups he mocks.

(11) Mr. E.J.Paulussy:

Then Mr. Paulussy,
He comes not from Russie,
With determined look and grin
In Malasia mines tin,
And makes love to Lucy.

(12) Mr.F.W.Pearce:

Next we have Mr. Pearce,
At times he's quite fierce
In his loyalty to Britain,
And sometimes seems smitten
With the beer-flowing tierce.

(13) Mr.and Mrs.Pugh:

Mr.and Mrs.Pugh/
Are never askew;
They are always happy,
Are always quite snappy,
And never in a stew.

(14) Mr. Tomlinson:

And then Mr.Tomlinson,
Of Tomlin is he son;
A man regaining health,
As well as moderate wealth,
Proud of the prize he won.

(15) Mrs.M. Tremain:

Mrs. M. Tremain,
A lady fair to name,
Who knows how to swim
And the gentlemen to win
In love's daily game.

Submitted with shame,
'Cause their feet are lame,
And the doggerel verse
Are slow as a hearse,
And the limbs are stiff
As a flat-bottomed skiff.
It's time to stop,
It's too damned hot

Along the Equator
For an operator
To write such rot.

